

The Sketch.

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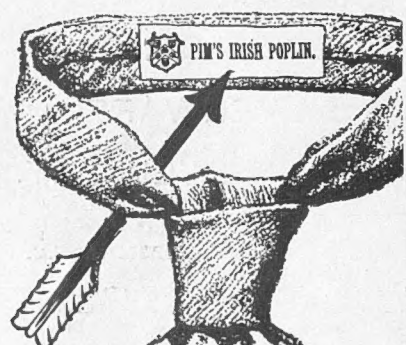
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The Sketch

No. 1001.—Vol. LXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1912.

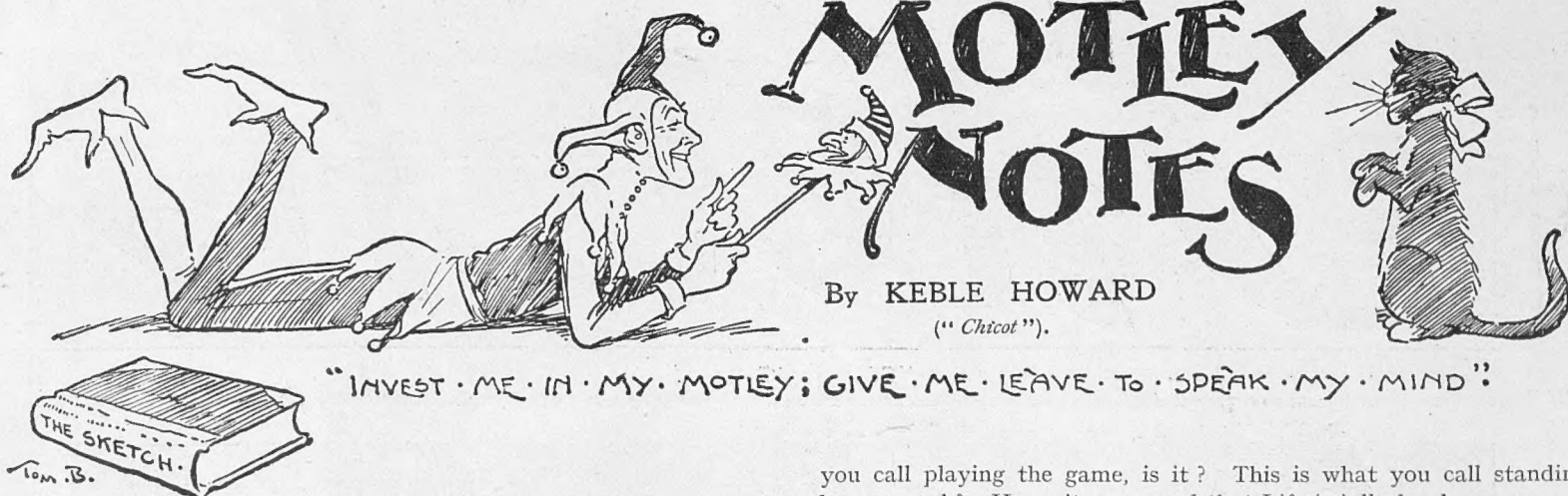
SIXPENCE.



MAKER OF IMPRESSIONS TO MUSIC: Mlle. MIKA MIKUN.

Mlle. Mika Mikun, one of the most excellent of the Palace "turns," does lightning drawings and caricatures to music—every note calls forth a dash or a dot, and the results are as quaint as they are amusing. Mlle. Mikun, who is a Russian, first appeared in this country at the Cabaret Moonshine.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppe.



In Parenthesis. I have just been reading an article in one of my daily papers on—

Oh, by the way. A correspondent writes: "Why do you always say, 'one of my daily papers,' instead of telling us which daily paper you mean? It would be so much more interesting to know the name of the paper, and would be more complimentary, surely, to the editor of that paper and the writer of the article?"

This is a question that must be answered. In the first place, I do not take all the daily papers. I take, as a matter of fact, three morning papers and two evening papers. When, therefore, I say, "one of my daily papers," I mean one of these five. If, on each occasion, I mentioned the name of the paper, I should always be mentioning one of five papers, and this would tend to monotony. Besides, what about the other fifteen or so?

You must further bear in mind, my friendly correspondent, that this is a watchful and sensitive world. My kindly brothers of the pen, whose unfailingly enthusiastic notices of my books and plays you read from time to time, cannot bear the suggestion of a professional pleasantry known as "log-rolling." If they suspected me of flattering any particular paper, they would be down upon me at once like a thousand thunderous sledge-hammers. As it is, they cannot accuse me of anything of the sort, and that is why they never go out of their way to prevent me from earning a living. . . . Yes?

Corporal Punishment.

And now to resume. I have just been reading an article in one of my daily papers on "Corporal Punishment for Children." The writer of the article signs herself, "A Modern Mother." "A punishment for a child," she says, "should be sharp and quickly over. There should be no 'keeping it up'; that tends to make the delinquent sulky and resentful.

"It should be something the child dislikes very much, and something he doesn't get accustomed to. It is conceivable that children might get almost fond of dry bread or corners, which in cold weather might be comfortably near the fire. . . . Now, 'smacking' they will never like, nor will the use thereof make them become second nature." (I can't quite follow that last sentence). "Human nature fears and dreads physical pain. It will do anything to avoid it; therefore, I consider 'smacking' a most salutary punishment."

And I do not, dear lady, except for abandoned little ruffians whose proper place is the lethal chamber. If you have to make a coward of your son before you can get him to obey you, your son had been better unborn. With a normal child, the surest way to harden its heart against its parents, against other grown-up people, and against life in general is to flog it. I suppose people forget, when they grow up, how they felt when they were whipped as children. I have not forgotten. I know that each stroke brought sudden conceptions of the most diabolical wickedness. This is the result of being caned by one's father.

False Position of Father.

No father, of course, ever wants to cane his son. And he never would cane his son if the mother did not compel him to do it. You know the formula—"There's no doing anything with that boy! I've tried all ways of punishing him and he gets worse and worse! You'll have to give him a good whipping!"

Behold Father, then, very wretched, very nervous, armed with a walking-stick. He dare not meet the eye of his son. He knows only too well what that eye would say to him: "And this is what

you call playing the game, is it? This is what you call standing by your pal? Haven't we agreed that Life is jolly hard on us men? Don't we know that we must stick by each other if we want to hold our own with the females? And then you come at a chap about one-third your size with a walking-stick! Am I worse than you? Am I half as bad as you? . . . Very well; lay on, Macduff, but never expect me to think of you as a pal again!"

After the first three strokes, the Mother dashes in and begs Father to stop. Father does stop, very willingly, but he has made an enemy for himself, and Mother has cemented a friendship. The whole thing is rough on Father, but Father, after all, has only himself to blame. He should refuse to demean himself in this way.

I was once birched at school, but that didn't matter. I shook hands with the Head afterwards because I knew he was feeling so horribly shy.

A Tantalising Paragraph.

I wish people would not take it for granted that everybody who lives in London knows how to find his way to every place in London. I read an extremely interesting paragraph, for example, on a Simple Life Exhibition to be held at Caxton Hall. Expert housewives were to show bachelors how to look after their houses without a woman to help them.

"Enlightened women will demonstrate how clothes may be washed, how rooms may be swept, how beds should be made, how socks can be darned, by a variety of tips and dodges which render them easy and even amusing. A single room may be converted, by turning a handle or two, from a kitchen to a dining-room, to a drawing-room, to a bath-room, to a bed-room. A supper-party may be given at less than a shilling a head without the use of coal or gas or oil. Even the ideal bar and barmaid will be in evidence."

That all sounded very promising from the "copy" point of view, but where, I asked myself, is Caxton Hall? I searched the advertisement columns of my five daily papers in vain. I looked for my map of London, but could not find it. I rang up the Central Exchange, and asked the operator if she would kindly give me the address of Caxton Hall. She replied, "Not wanted, thank you. Ring off, please."

Therefore, friend the reader, I missed the Simple Life Exhibition, and you have missed my comments on it. Perhaps, after all, we were both in luck that afternoon. Who knows?

TO-DAY'S DINNER-TABLE TOPICS.

The Coal Strike. When do you think it will end? How are you off for coal? How is your mother off for coal? How is your aunt off for coal? Have you ever been down a coal-mine? Why not?

The Boat Race. Did you go this year? Did you go last year? Have you ever been? Do you think you will go next year? Dash it, have you ever been anywhere?

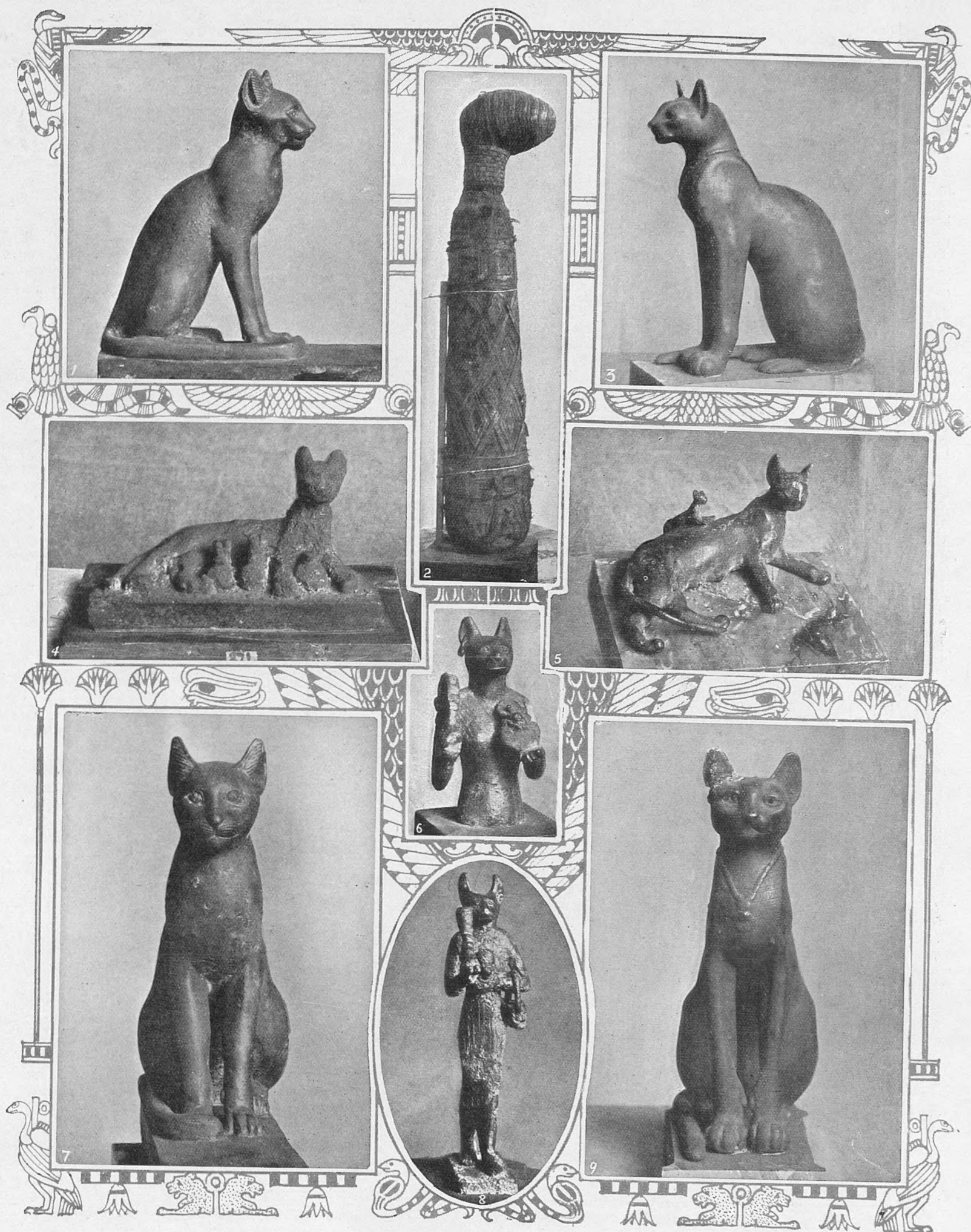
Arnold Wells's latest novel. Have you read it? Are you going to read it? Did you read his last? Shall you read his next? Have you ever read *anything* by *anybody*?

Food. Do you like this dinner? Of course it isn't bad, but do you, definitely, like it? Why don't you like it? Do you like any meal? What meal do you like? Oh, my hat!

Mc. Do you like me? No, but do you really *like* me? That is no answer at all. I feel sure that you do not really like me. Now we are getting on better. Those other topics were silly? Yes.

You. Tell me all about yourself.
 Thank you.

PUSS AS A DEITY: MUCH-REVERED CATS OF EGYPT.

1. VENERATED BY THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS:
A STATUETTE OF A CAT.2. EMBALMED WITH MUCH CEREMONY AND CARE:
THE MUMMY OF A CAT.3. WORSHIPPED AS REPRESENTING THE MOON:
A STATUETTE OF A CAT.

4. NOT TO BE KILLED SAVE ON PAIN OF DEATH: A CAT WITH KITTENS—A STATUETTE.

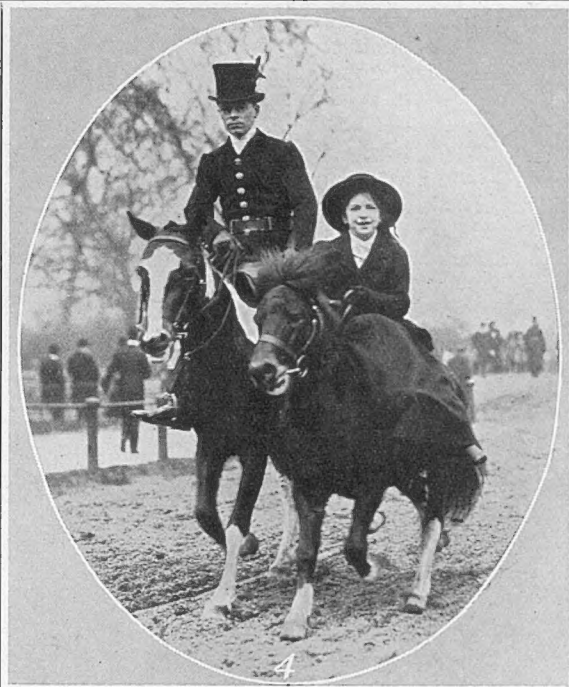
5. SACRED TO THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS: A CAT AND KITTENS—A STATUETTE.

6 AND 8. THE GODDESS BAST: THE BODY OF A WOMAN WITH THE HEAD OF A CAT.

7 AND 9. FROM THE LOUVRE: ANCIENT EGYPTIAN STATUETTES OF CATS.

The cat was venerated by the ancient Egyptians as *Aflurus*, a god represented sometimes as a cat, at other times either as a man or as a woman with a cat's head. So great was the awe in which it was held that, says Diodorus, whoever killed one of the animals, even by accident, suffered death as punishment. Another authority tells us that the cat was worshipped in old Egypt as a symbol of the moon, by reason not only of its greater activity after sunset, but from the dilation and contraction of the pupils of its eyes, which were taken to represent the waxing and the waning of the moon. Thus, of course, numerous Egyptian figures of cats and the mummies of cats have been discovered. It should be remarked, further, that the ancient Egyptian goddess Bast was cat-headed or lioness-headed. She was identified with Isis and Hathor, and by the Greeks with Diana.

FRESH-AIR SEEKERS: WELL-KNOWN LONDONERS IN THE PARK.



1. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF SOMERSET. 2. LORD AND LADY ALBEMARLE.
 3. LADY MURIEL BECKWITH AND A FRIEND. 4. MISS MULLEN. 5. MR. HENRY MILNER AND A FRIEND.
 6. LORD AND LADY GOSCHEN. 7. THE MISSES CAVENDISH, DAUGHTERS OF LORD RICHARD AND LADY MOYRA CAVENDISH.

The Duke of Somerset is the fifteenth holder of the title. Before her marriage the Duchess was Miss Susan Margaret Mackinnon.—Lord Albemarle is the eighth Earl. The Countess was Lady Gertrude Lucia, only child of the first Earl Egerton of Tatton.—Lady Muriel Beckwith is the elder of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon's daughters by his second marriage. She married Captain William Malbisse Beckwith, of the Coldstreams, in 1904.—Lord Goschen is the second Viscount. Before her marriage Lady Goschen was known as Lady Margaret Gathorne-Hardy, daughter of the first Earl of Cranbrook.—Lord Richard Cavendish is the elder of the Duke of Devonshire's two brothers. He married Lady Moyra de Vere Beauclerk, daughter of the tenth Duke of St. Albans, in 1895. He has four daughters: Elizabeth, born in 1897; Alix, born in 1901; Mary, born in 1903; and Diana, born in 1909.—[Photographs by Topical.]

WITH VARIATIONS: THE ARGENTINE TANGO GAIETY-ISED.

MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH AND MISS PHYLLIS DARE IN THE DANCE, IN "THE SUNSHINE GIRL."



1. THE MEETING.

4. THE THIRD MOVEMENT.

7. THE SIXTH MOVEMENT.

2. THE BEGINNING OF THE DANCE.

5. THE REVERSE.

8. THE SEVENTH "FOOT-HOOKING" MOVEMENT.

3. THE TURN.

6. A VARIATION OF THE REVERSE.

9. THE END OF THE DANCE.

The Argentine Tango, as rendered by Mr. George Grossmith and Miss Phyllis Dare, is a feature of "The Sunshine Girl," at the Gaiety. The first four photographs show real movements of the dance; the others depict variations introduced for additional stage effect. Mr. Grossmith became proficient in the Tango while appearing recently in Paris; he first saw it at the house of M. Jean de Reszke. Unlike a good many importations, it is quite a graceful ball-room dance, and it is in great favour in Parisian salons.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Proprietor, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.
On Tuesday next, April 9, will be produced Shakespeare's
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Othello HERBERT TREE
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Vessel. Electric Fans in all Cabins. Electric Laundry, Swim-
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2. NORWAY FJORDS ..	28 June	13 days
3. NORTH CAPE and FJORDS ..	12 July	14 days
4. NORWAY FJORDS ..	27 July	13 days
5. NORWAY FJORDS ..	10 Aug.	13 days
6. BALTIC and RUSSIA ..	24 Aug.	21 days
7. PENINSULA and MOROCCO ..	28 Sept.	10 days
8. HOLY LAND and EGYPT ..	9 Oct.	29 days
9. ALGERIA, SPAIN, &c. ...	9 Nov.	15 days

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East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

AT some performances given at 27, Grosvenor Square for the
benefit of the Industrial Law Committee, an interesting play
was revived which deserves consideration by managers. It
is by Mr. Thomas Hardy, and bears the name of "The Three Way-
farers." In 1893 it was given in a bill of five plays at Terry's
Theatre, since when some changes have been made not altogether
advantageous, which emphasise its humours at the expense of its
thrilling effects. The work contains a vivid little picture of old
Wessex life, and is quite dramatic: the subject concerns a sheep-
stealer who, after condemnation to death—in the good old times—
escapes and finds himself under quaint circumstances in company
with the man who has come down on purpose to hang him. The idea
is gruesome, but legitimate, and since the author permits the poor
wretch to escape in the end, one's feelings are not harrowed too
cruelly; whilst, on the other hand, some aspects are very amusing.
There was clever acting by Mr. William Farren, as the executioner,
and Mr. Cremlin in the part of the village constable. Another
element in the entertainment was a version, made quite prettily by
Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, of Rostand's charming, artificial short comedy
called "Les Deux Pierrots." In this Miss Laura Cowie represented
the easily influenced Colombine daintily, and Mr. Walter Pearce
played very well as one of her queer suitors.

Miss Octavia Kenmore and Mr. Leigh Lovel have been playing
Ibsen at the Royal Court Theatre, and they began with "Rosmers-
holm," which has not been seen in London for a considerable time.
Those who would popularise this world-famous modern dramatist
must have many good qualities. They must have courage and en-
thusiasm and perseverance, and these things Miss Kenmore and
Mr. Lovel appear to own in abundance, for they have been playing
Ibsen for over five years. But to be really successful they must have
a very high degree of technical skill, and something very like genius:
and here there is something lacking. Miss Kenmore is a clever
actress with an interesting personality. She plays very quietly—
sometimes, indeed, too quietly—and this makes the more effective
the scene in which Rebecca confesses to Rosmer and Kroll how she
drove Beata to her death; but she does not give to Rebecca the
idea of strength which surely underlies the character—she does not
make Rebecca a woman who would dare much to induce a man to
devote himself to a great social cause. Mr. Lovel is rather less
satisfactory: he seemed to me too full of affectation, and a little
obsessed with the idea that the playing of Ibsen is a solemn ritual
requiring a specially artificial manner and tone of voice. Old
Brendel, however, and the democrat Mortensgard were excellently
acted by Mr. William Podmore and Mr. Frederick Meads. For
all its shortcomings, the performance of this most remarkable
play was full of interest.

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EXCURSION TO THE RIVIERA, APRIL 4.

WRITE for particulars to Continental Manager, Brighton Railway, Victoria Station, London.

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The Editor of "The Sketch" cannot undertake to answer letters not
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addressed envelope is enclosed. In the same way, a stamped and addressed
envelope must accompany any contribution sent for the Editor's consideration.

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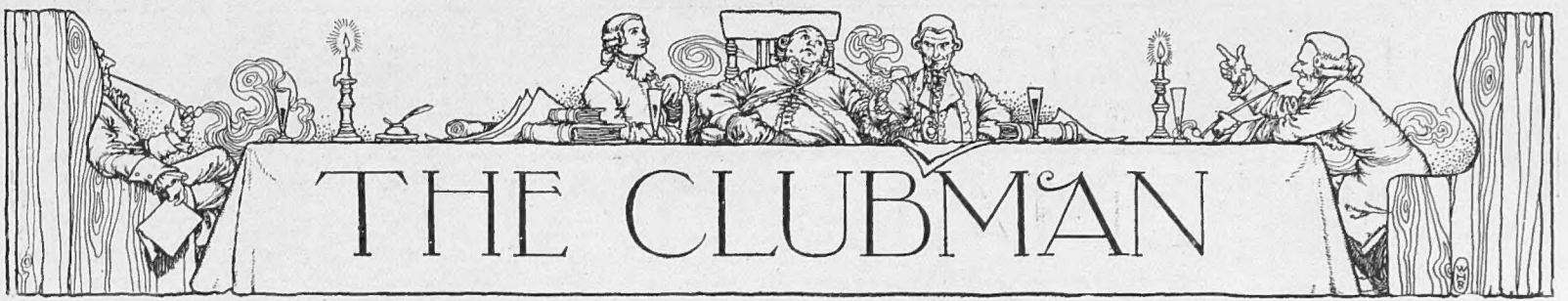
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Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the
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April 3, 1912.

Signature.....



Saluting the Colours.

One of the subjects which is now being discussed universally in France is "How should women salute the colours of a French regiment as it goes past?" This is a question which must have occurred to many of the gentle sex in Great Britain as well as in France, for a desire to pay homage to all that the flag of their country means

is as deep in the hearts of Englishwomen as it is in those of the daughters of France.

Instinctive Gestures.

The most practicable of the suggestions that have been made in the columns of the French papers is that when the men take off their hats to the colours of a regiment the women should raise their hands in the old classic salute, a salute which is really the instinctive one, just as

mid-Victorian civilian soldiers. Every professional soldier gives honour to Lord Haldane for having established soundly the skeleton of a citizen force, and for having wrung money from a niggard Treasury to do this; but every professional soldier also knows that the more amusing the camping days of Territorials are made for them, the more work will have to be done by them should this country ever be in danger of invasion, and that whoever the enemy may be, he is not likely to give our home guard time to become efficient between the declaration of war and an attempted raid.

A Ninth Century Dinner.

Some very bold epicures at the Vienna Cookery Exhibition have eaten a Ninth Century Dinner, one of the two principal dishes in which was pike cooked in oil, and then pressed into a paste made of crushed millet and venison, which no doubt was afterwards baked. The other triumph of cookery was a peacock containing a chicken, the chicken in turn stuffed with a pigeon, this small bird being again stuffed with roasted eggs. According to our modern ideas

of gastronomy, both these dishes were horrible mistakes. A pike is a coarse fish, which when roasted and served with a strong gravy forms not a bad substitute for meat; but soaking it in oil would only bring out all its disagreeable qualities, while the paste in which it was enveloped would taste like a dog-biscuit. The introduction of one bird into another is one of the fanciful things admitted in the *haute cuisine française*, and the *Faisan à la Sainte Alliance* of the great age of cookery generally consisted of a partridge stuffed with woodcock-flesh and liver and truffles, cooked inside the bigger bird, though sometimes, as in M. Escoffier's *recette*, the pheasant was stuffed with the minced woodcock and truffles, without the partridge. The theory is that the juices of the larger bird are absorbed by the smaller bird, and that all the essences of the pheasant are held by the partridge. A peacock is a bird the flesh of which is bitter, and the flesh of a pigeon is distasteful to many people, so that if the gourmets only ate

the pigeon they probably had some very bitter mouthfuls, while if the flesh of the chicken formed their meal it would have the disagreeable qualities of the other two birds. Perhaps, if the diners were wise men, they only ate the roasted eggs.



CAST AT LOUGHBOROUGH FOR MARY, DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND: BELLS FOR CARBISDALE CASTLE.

The bells are in D flat, and the largest weighs about 1½ tons. Mary, Duchess of Sutherland is the widow of the third Duke. In 1896 she married Sir Albert Kaye Rollit.

Photograph by Record Press

the raising of a spear is always the salute of the barbaric warriors of all the continents. Another suggestion was that every patriotic woman should fold her hands in prayer as the standards passed, but that is an outward expression of emotion, fitting, perhaps, to the Latin races, but not quite in accordance with our insular coldness. Watching at the saluting-base at many reviews at Aldershot and elsewhere, I have noticed that the form the enthusiasm of the ladies takes as the colours go by in a march-past is the waving of handkerchiefs, but this, though a pretty enough action, has none of the dignity of a salute in it, and is just a little letting off of the steam of emotional excitement.

The Territorial Lord Primrose Path.

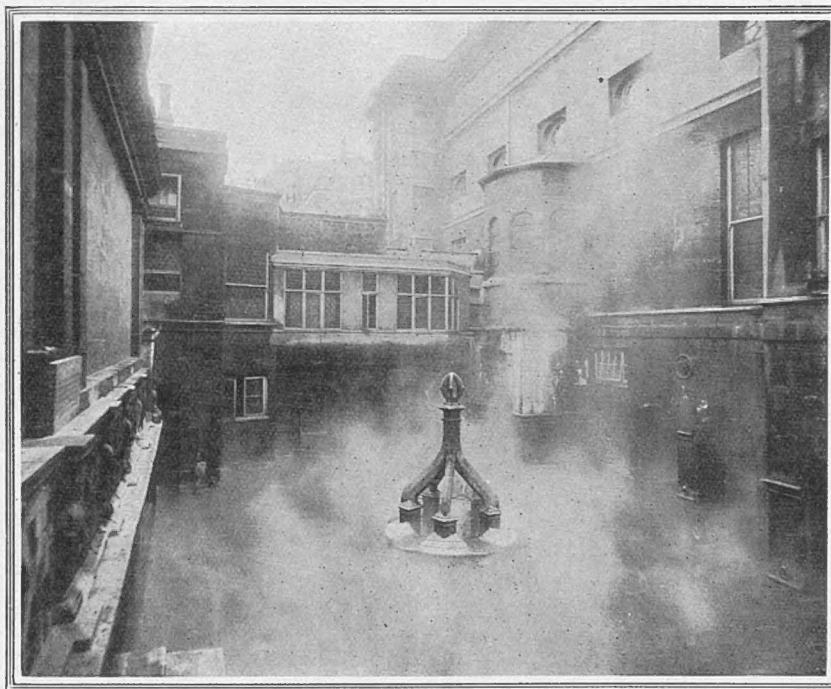
Lord Haldane, speaking the other day at the Guildhall on the Territorials and the efforts which are to be made to meet the wishes of employers of labour, so as to make it possible for them to give leave to their employees to attend camps, held forth the bait of amusing afternoons and evenings to the men to induce them to join. This is the primrose path which may lead to success in recruiting, and success in recruiting means putting off the day of compulsory service, but it is also, from the point of view of military efficiency, a backward step towards the day of the old Volunteers, when the pleasures of camp life, the tea-parties, the sham fights, and the reviews were a part of the inducement to the brave young fellows with mutton-chop whiskers to don the green uniforms and the shakos with cocks'-feathers, which were the garb of the



ANOTHER REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF A STEEPLECHASE MISHAP: GUINNESS FALLING.

Guinness is the horse which is the nearer to the camera. We give this photograph as a notable addition to the numerous remarkable snapshots of falls we have published from time to time.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau



STEAMING RADIUM-WATER: THE HISTORIC KING'S BATH, AT BATH.

There is so much radium in a glass of Bath hot mineral water as served to visitors who come to-day to "drink the waters" in the Grand Pump Room, as they were wont to do in the days of Cyrus Bantam, Esq., Master of the Ceremonies, that when Sir William Ramsay, having taken a glass, went to his electroscope the instrument was immediately affected by the radio-activity he had absorbed. The Bath waters gradually stain all the glasses in use; but Sir William, who has been conducting an exhaustive investigation into the properties of those waters, states that this discolouration is not due to the iron but to the radium in the waters. The same cause explains the discolouration of the tiles in the bath-rooms. The King's Spring, which rises in the centre of the historic King's Bath, is exceptionally rich in nitron (radium emanation). The photograph shows the steam rising from the hot waters.—[Photograph by Photochrom Co., Ltd.]



THE KING'S NEW DOMESTIC CHAPLAIN: THE REV. A. R. H. GRANT.

The Rev. Arthur Rowland Harry Grant, who was recently appointed Rector of Sandringham, has now been made a Domestic Chaplain to the King. He is also Honorary Domestic Chaplain to Queen Alexandra. Mr. Grant, who is an Oxford man, was formerly Curate of Walcot, Bath, and afterwards Rector of Great Warley, Essex.

Photograph by Russell.

an evening, he sings "John Peel" at the Marquis de Breteuil's, he will find himself cheered to the echo—in English!

King Coal. The King was not slow to admit, by a change of plans, that he, as the head of his people, had been touched by the long arm of the strike. And it is interesting to remember that, while he can do little or nothing in the way of mediation in an industrial crisis, he has helped to build the fires of the poor. In many working-class homes in London his ingenuity has proved most valuable in eking out a small store of fuel.

Some years ago he suggested, if he did not actually design, a fireplace that would warm two rooms. By means of a shutter and a reversible grate, it has been found possible to switch off, so to speak, the warmth from one room to the next, provided they have a common wall. That Buckingham Palace has never needed the device makes it the more remarkable that Buckingham Palace gave birth to the idea. Not all inventions are mothered by necessity.

On Last Legs. Queen Victoria's unspotted dolls are properly housed in Kensington, but the playthings of a generation that used militant tactics in the nursery are not forthcoming. "I never saw such a battered set of toys and such rickety old dolls," wrote

a royal visitor in 1870. Such may have been one of Mr. Guy Laking's difficulties in selecting the relics of a king for the London Museum. At any rate, his task was a perilous one; it is impossible to foretell how the exhibition of the personal belongings of the great will strike the onlooker. Somebody at the private view for Peers and Peeresses last week recalled the remark of the little girl who was taken to see the Duke of Wellington's funeral procession. When the riderless horse, with the military boots slung at its sides, passed her, she queried: "Mamma, shall we all be turned to boots when we die?"

Calling Names! There has been some discussion as to the propriety of calling the First Lord of the Admiralty

"Mr. Churchill," and the Chancellor, "Mr. George."

It seems that the Opposition is apt to drop the "Winston" and "Lloyd," while the Government, we are assured, retorts by speaking of "Mr. Law." All three personally prefer the fuller versions of their names. "I consider Bonar lawfully wedded by custom to my surname," the Conservative Leader has explained; but all three know that personal preferences go for nothing if party feeling is to be allowed to have sway in such a matter. Mr. Bonar Law's new degree somewhat complicates things. Will his friends or enemies call him "Dr."? His brother, by the way, is a successful medical man.

Vanishing Day.

Studio Sunday came and went almost like any other Sunday of the year. For several

seasons it has been disappearing; this season the process is well-nigh completed. Vanishing Day has been Vanishing Day ever since Leighton ceased to entertain. The loss is not the artist's: for him the pleasures of overhearing even his best friends making imbecile remarks about his pictures are easily relinquished. "What on earth are these?" once asked a lady in Watts's studio, before an allegorical group of women. "Well," answered Lord Houghton, who happened to be near, "you've heard of Watts's Hymns, haven't you? These are Watts's hers." Probably the atmosphere of genius prompted this witty repartee, which, in duller surroundings, might not have suggested itself.



A DIPLOMATIST TURNED DRAMATIST: SEÑOR A. F. D'ALMEIDA CARVALHO.

Mr. A. F. d'Almeida Carvalho, Secretary to the Portuguese Legation, has collaborated with Mrs. Edward Lewis in translating from the Portuguese a charming one-act play called "Roses all the Year," dealing with the love affairs of two nuns. It was given at the Court Theatre on March 25.

Photograph by Record Press.



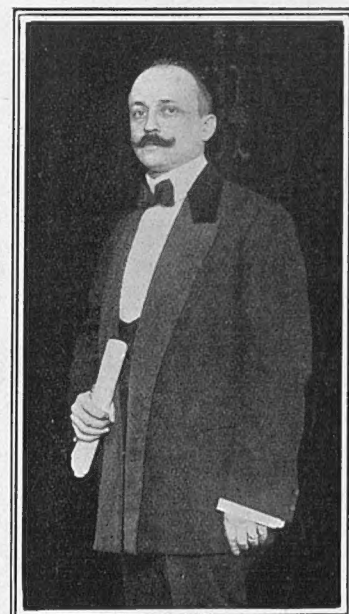
GIVER OF A WHIP, LASSO, AND BOOMERANG DISPLAY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: "SALT BUSH BILL," WIELDING A BOOMERANG.

Salt Bush Bill's prowess with the stock-whip, lasso, and boomerang won the admiration of the King when, as Duke of York, he was travelling in Australia, and he invited Salt Bush Bill to call upon him if he should ever come to London. As a result, Salt Bush Bill, who has come over with a "Wild Australia" show, was received at Buckingham Palace on the 25th, and in the Ball Supper Room gave a wonderful display of his skill before the King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, the Prince of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family and their Household. Afterwards he gave an exhibition of boomerang-throwing in the Palace grounds.—[Photograph by Record Press.]



LECTURER ON THE UNMARRIED DAUGHTERS PROBLEM: MISS JOSEPHINE KNOWLES.

Miss Josephine Knowles recently gave an interesting lecture at Steinway Hall on the problem of what to do with our daughters. Among other things she suggested that fathers might be most helpful as chaperons. She also advocated emigration, and suggested the establishment of an hotel for the daughters of gentlemen in Western Canada.—[Photograph by Lillie Charles.]



THE FOUNDER OF FUTURISM—AND LECTURER THEREON: SIGNOR MARINETTI.

Signor Marinetti, who recently lectured, in French, at the Bechstein Hall, on Futurism, is a poet and novelist—not, like his disciples whose works are on view at the Sackville Gallery, a painter. He was born in Alexandria, and is now between thirty and forty. One of his novels led to his being imprisoned. He took part in the early operations in Tripoli.—[Photo, by C.N.]

THE WEST AND THE EAST: THE DAYANG MUDA OF SARAWAK.



WIFE OF THE TUAN MUDA, BROTHER OF THE RAJAH MUDA, OF SARAWAK: MRS. BERTRAM BROOKE.

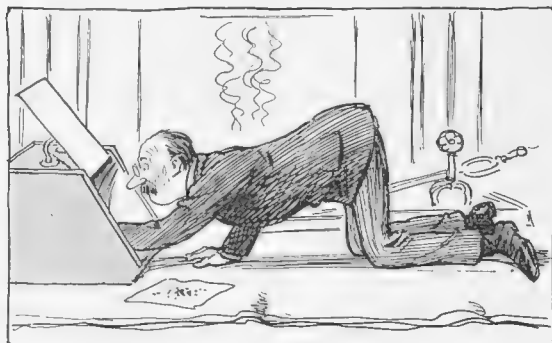
Mrs. Bertram Brooke, the Dayang Muda of Sarawak, who is very well known and popular in London, is the wife of his Highness the Rajah of Sarawak's second son, the Tuan Muda of Sarawak, and is the only daughter of the late Sir Walter Palmer, Bt. The Rajah Muda is heir to the country; the Tuan Muda is heir presumptive. Sarawak has an area of about 52,000 square miles, with a coast-line of 400 miles. The first British Rajah, Sir James Brooke, obtained the government of part of the present territory from the Sultan of Brunei, in 1842; and various accessions were made between 1861, 1885, and 1890. The population is about half a million.

Photograph by Lottie Charles.



By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

THE latest spring suiting is the April mixture, which is composed of blue and grey—the grey for the usual colour of the sky, and the blue for the occasional gleams of sunshine. Those who wish to be quite prophetic have thunder- and -lighting streaks of red and yellow, and little blobs of white here, and there to typify the stray snow- storm of the holidays.



"Where are the men of to-day?" asks Mrs. George Faber. "There they sit in their comfortable arm-chairs, watching passing events." Not at all. They are on their knees on the hearth-

rug, trying to fish a nubbit out of the coal-dust in the scuttle.

A new fancy religion lays it down that a man should be able to control his body with his mind, so that he can say to his feet, "Be warm," or to his stomach, "Digest." This is just the thing for the present Labour crisis—if the feet don't go on strike.

The study of the brain is said to have made very little progress for many years. Why should it? For the last five or six years the old-fashioned idea that work can be done with the brain has been quite out of date. It is now accepted by all but hopeless reactionaries that brain-workers don't work.

Listen to the account of the newest parasols. You press a spring in the handle and a little white rabbit will come out of a hutch, or a donkey's head will open its mouth and stick out its tongue. Decidedly, brains are at a discount.



Mark Twain once became solemnly jocose about Limburger cheese, but it now has been proved to deserve all he said, for a young skunk is reported to have died from eating too much of it.

THE EASTER TRAINS.

(The trains this Easter are so altered and so reduced that it is almost impossible for the would-be traveller to guess if he will ever be able to get back home again after the holidays.)



I've got that horrible holiday train,
With all its vagaries, upon my brain,
For railway officials all disdain
To make their tortuous tables plain.
I never did see such a tangled skein
Of altered services, branch and main,
Which holiday handbills now contain,
And render the meekest man profane.

If some inspector or guard would deign
With simple eloquence to explain
The figures that I have tried in vain
From bill and placard to ascertain,
I then could judge, while I yet retain
Some grains of sense, if I should refrain
From taking an Easter holiday train,
For fear I should never get home again.

Aviators have got a seventh sense, which is contained in semicircular canals. The ordinary man has let his semicircular canals get out of order—get silted up, in fact. So before you buy that aeroplane, just make sure that your semicircular canals are working.

Messrs. Brookfield and Bendall will read with interest that the Minister for Poetry, whose death is just announced from Tokyo, held the post for over twenty years. Either the Japanese poets are not the greatest since Shakespeare, or that Minister must have kept a kettle of oil always simmering on the hob.

Poms and Pekinese are to be deposed in favour of the Big Dog. That is quite in the order of things. The Little Dog is going after the Little Girl.

"We no longer listen to mere eloquence. Words no longer dazzle us," says the president of the Students' Union in the *Paris Matin*. The French are beating us at our own games. Football, lawn-tennis, golf, and now common-sense. It is about time that we pulled up our socks.



Glasgow has produced a chemist who in his turn hopes to produce a scale of flavours analogous to a scale in music. This will fill a long-felt want, for many people have been complaining that some modern music leaves a nasty taste in the mouth.

"How Conger-Eels Dance" was shown by the cinematograph at a London lecture. Then, after all, those good people were quite right who said that there was something fishy about the latest foreign importations into the ball-room.

LEFT!

(The idea of a register to contain the names of girls who wish to get married, and the amount of income they want with their prospective husbands, may not always be a success.)

Daphne as a flapper was the pride of suburbanity,
The adjectives applied to her were "ripping" and "top-hole,"
Her hair was only equalled in its volume by her vanity,
And the local poet hymned it as a "radiant aureole."

So when she turned her hair up with the usual ceremonial,
She announced to all and sundry that the highly favoured man
Who hoped to lead her captive into bondage matrimonial
Must own a thousand sovereigns, free of income tax, per an.

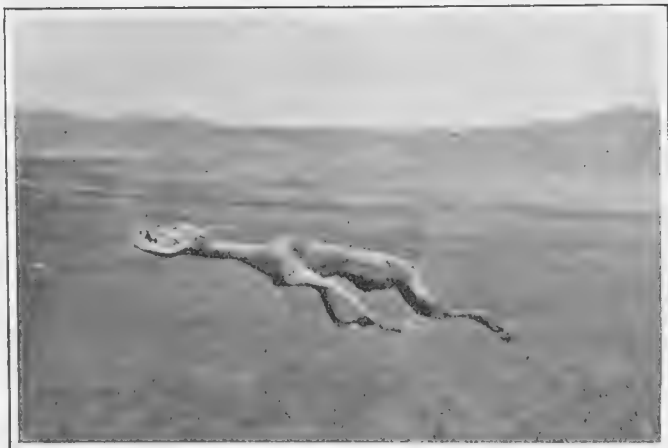
Now Percy Brown, and Herbert Smith, and Jones whose name is Ferdinand,
Were making on an average a fifth part of that sum,
But she preferred the problematic bush and scorned the bird in hand,
Which struck those marriageable youths incontinently dumb.
The years have passed; the three were wed to maids of less voracity,
Whose worship of the dollar was less openly displayed;
A thousand pounds per annum's not their limit of capacity,
But Daphne is a hopeless, window-battering old maid!

"The English girl never considers herself well dressed unless her shoe hurts her," says the *Chicago Herald*. Well, well! According to the New York comic papers, the only thing that will hold a Chicago girl's hoof is a Canadian canoe.



Engineers are now considering the adoption of winking railway signals. Anything that will introduce the Glad Eye into the dislocation in the traffic caused by the Coal Strike will be heartily welcome.

♣ ♣ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ♣ ♣



NOT A VISION FROM THE LAND OF SPOOKS: "THE FLYING SPECTRE."

The photograph shows a mummified dog hung on a wire fence by a practical joker. This fence being almost invisible in the snapshot, the picture appears to represent a spectral dog racing madly over the plains.

Photograph by C. L. Edholm.



A BOAT WITH A GLASS BOTTOM: A STRANGE CRAFT IN CALIFORNIA.

The awning of this glass-bottomed boat being drawn, the passengers in her, looking down, are able to see the life in the clear water, and the plants on the ocean's bed. The craft, which is most popular, plies on Monterey Bay.

Photograph by Fleet.



AFTER IT HAD TURNED TURTLE: RAISING M. COLLIEX'S WRECKED BIPLANE FROM THE WATER AT MONACO.

A Hydro-Aeroplane Meeting was held recently at Monte Carlo. On the second day of it M. Colliex, on his Voisin bi-plane, met with a mishap, the machine turning turtle. M. Colliex and his two passengers were rescued from the water.—Extraordinary enthusiasm as to Army aviation is a feature of French life just now, and everyone is subscribing to the Military Air Fund.—Letsie, Paramount Chief of Basutoland, is reported to look upon the Union Government as a snake trying to kill his people. Also, it is said, he is discontented with his present gorgeous uniform, desiring one "like the German Emperor's."

Photographs by Topical, Underwood and Underwood, and C.N.



PRESENTED TO THE FRENCH MILITARY AIR FUND BY ITS FAMOUS SCULPTOR: "DEFENCE," BY RODIN.



DESIROUS OF A UNIFORM LIKE THE KAISER'S: LETSIE, PARAMOUNT CHIEF OF BASUTOLAND.



A GODIVA BEAR! A CURIOUS SNOW-STATUE IN SWITZERLAND.



A LOOKING-GLASS AS DETECTIVE: EXAMINING AN ELECTRIC CABLE.

With regard to the second of these two photographs it should be said that it shows a simple but ingenious device used for examining the cables on the German Electric Railway. Before the looking-glass on the end of a stick came into use, the examiner had to go on his hands and knees to peer under the cable's guard.

Photographs by Underwood and Underwood and Record Press.



APPROPRIATE TO "A NATION OF SHOPKEEPERS": PLAYS OF BUSINESS LIFE.

Business Plays.

It is a noticeable fact that "Rutherford and Son," the new piece at the Little Theatre, is to a large extent a play about business—a subject rarely handled on the stage in former days. Stranger still is the fact that it is by an inexperienced young lady, Miss Sowerby, who has written a play of remarkable quality, and made her business details quite correct—

so correct that more than one critic has been puzzled by her references to "metal" in glass-work, being unaware that the word is commonly used to describe raw glass in its fused condition. Miss Sowerby has been very courageous, for not only does business instead of love play the main part in her work, but she has, I think, even attempted to treat the firm of Rutherford and Son actually as a living entity and make it the central figure of the play. Lack of experience may have prevented her from being fully successful in this, but she has achieved enough to deserve great admiration, and, judging by first-night applause and criticism, to win success. Of course, I do not prophesy, for it is no duty of the critic to be prophet in the sense in which that word is generally used nowadays. In his business play, "The Voysey Inheritance," Mr. Granville Barker, a dramatist possessing great knowledge of the theatre, did make a successful effort to give actual life to a firm, in that case a firm of solicitors, and the result was remarkably interesting. We had another experiment of the same kind in 1908, in a strange, powerful, uneven play by Miss Estelle Burney, called "The Greater Glory," which deserved a better fate than merely one performance by the Pioneers. In that clever piece there was the study of a shipbuilding business involving a curious, thrilling

for writing impartially, it would have caused each side to think and to see that there is something in the point of view of the other.

Older Works on the Topic.

Probably plays about business would have been deemed vulgar in the early days of the drama, though even amongst the Elizabethans there were those who handled low subjects. One drama concerning business and finance was a success in the middle of last century—"A Game of Speculation," adapted by G. H. Lewes, under his quaint pseudonym of "Slingsby Lawrence," from "Mercadet, ou le Faiseur," by the great Balzac, who was very fond of business details. The play, in which Charles Matthews made a great hit, had much success. There was in the original, and perhaps in the adaptation, quite a brilliant scene of comedy in which a rogue, unwittingly and quite against his will, acts with almost quixotic honesty. The situation has become almost impossible owing to the invention of submarine cables—perhaps a set-off against the abuse of the telephone by modern playwrights, who, by means of that abominable instrument, dodge many difficulties of construction. Balzac's famous novel, "Grandeur et Décadence de César Birotteau," the story of the struggles of the *marchand-parfumeur*, made a very interesting play, too French in its details—not in the Gilbertian sense of the word—for transportation. As a rule, business in money, otherwise finance, rather than manufacture, mining, or commerce in goods has attracted the dramatist, though actually under the name of "Business" the Stage Society produced a very able play concerning oil, by "Mr. Goldie," otherwise G. Lowes-Dickinson, which well deserves revival.



PRESENTED TO MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY TO MARK THE 400TH PERFORMANCE OF "FANNY'S FIRST PLAY": "FANNY" IN CRINKLED PAPER—BY "GLADYS."

(See Illustrations on another page.)

psychological study of a man who designed submarine boats.

Our Interest in Business.

After all, it is not surprising that "a nation of shopkeepers" should find an interest in dramas about business, though most of our dramatists think that there must be "a little bit of sugar" in such works. Mr. John Galsworthy is an exception, for "Strife" has next to nothing of what may be called love-interest. It is quite a great play, presenting, it may be remembered, in a vivid fashion a prodigious fight over a strike. One is tempted to wonder why this superb picture of the conflict between Labour and Capital has not been revived during the present trouble—I trust by the time this is in print the word "present" will be inaccurate. "Strife" might have done some good, because, owing to its author's remarkable gift



PRESENTED TO MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY TO MARK THE 400TH PERFORMANCE OF "FANNY'S FIRST PLAY": "MARGARET KNOX" IN CRINKLED PAPER—BY "GLADYS."

(See Illustrations on another page.)



DICKENS CHARACTERS AT THE PALACE: MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS SAIREY GAMP AND MR. ARTHUR HELMORE AS BETSY PRIG.

Mr. Cyril Maude opened at the Palace, the other day, in that scene from the life of Sairey Gamp, based on the Forty-Ninth Chapter of "Martin Chuzzlewit," in which he was seen at the Dickens Memorial entertainment at the Coliseum. The Betsy Prig of the present production is that very able comedian and entertainer, Mr. Arthur Helmore. The episode shows Sairey entertaining Betsy to pickled salmon and to gin from her teapot; and closes with Betsy being turned into the street—"never to darken Sairey's doors again, the twining serpent."—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]

Financiers.

Under the heading of Financiers, one of the most notable instances was Mr. Maugham's clever, cruel play, "The Tenth Man." A little further back, Sir Herbert Tree made money with "A Bunch of Violets," one of several versions of "Montjoye," by Octave Feuillet, a dramatist whose works I have always disliked. More noteworthy than that was his production of "Business is Business," adapted from "Les Affaires sont les Affaires." However, in plays of this class it nearly always happens that the business or finance is merely a piece of machinery in a drama concerning a man, himself the central figure of a melodrama, and they do not possess the peculiar interest of an effort to represent business itself upon the stage.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE).

THE ENGINE-DRIVER'S EYES: "SEARCH-LIGHTS" ON THE LINE.



1. BEAMING UPON ONE ANOTHER: THE MEETING OF TWO GREAT EXPRESSES.

2. MAKING THE TRACK AT NIGHT LIGHTER THAN DAY: AN ENGINE WITH "SEARCHLIGHT" HEAD-LIGHT AND VERTICAL LIGHT.

The first photograph shows a scene in a Chicago railway-station and gives an excellent idea of the exceptionally powerful head-lights carried by the engines. It should be noted, further, that in all cases the engines show a vertical column of light. This is considered valuable for indicating the approach of trains and thus averting accidents.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

THE KING found his father's taste for ribbons, medals, and stars fitly commemorated at the London Museum. The badges of the various classes of the Victoria and Albert Order are shown there with others that, like certain "Garters," had been handed back to the late King on the demise of their holders. But to turn from the enamel, gold, and silk of such decorations to "King Edward's favourite woollen muffler" puts the enthusiasm of the relic-hunter somewhat severely to the test. A woollen muffler might, by its homely name alone, have been saved

from an un-homely resting-place under glass in a public gallery. The small silver case that is also preserved is more typical of the man, and is redolent, not only of the weed, but of a dozen anecdotes of a King whose every-day sceptre was a cigar.



DAUGHTER OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S FRENCH HOST AT BERLIN: Mlle. CAMBON.

Mlle. Cambon is the daughter of the French Ambassador to Berlin, and a niece of the French Ambassador to this country. It was with her father the German Emperor dined recently in Berlin, of course at the French Embassy. That, by the way, was not the second time a German Emperor has been on French soil since 1870. The Kaiser himself, for instance, had previously been on French "soil" thrice—in 1878, when, as Prince William, he spent a week privately in Paris; when he went aboard the training-ship "Iphigénie" at Bergen in 1899; and in 1909 when he went aboard M. Gaston Meunier's yacht "Arian" at Kiel.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

his fair reporter has at any rate refrained from divulging such things as might inflame her countrywomen, or his, or ours. One of the slight sayings of this class that the Kaiser would be pleased to repudiate, if it were ever worth while to repudiate anything, has had



THE WIFE OF A FAMOUS BANKER: LADY SWAYTHLING, IN EARLY VICTORIAN DRESS.

Lord Swaythling's father, the first Baron, was made a baronet in 1904, and created a Baron of the United Kingdom in 1907. The present peer, Louis Samuel Samuel-Montagu, who was born in 1869 and succeeded to the title last year, is head of the banking firm of Samuel Montagu and Co., of Old Broad Street, E.C. In 1898, he married Gladys Helen Rachel, daughter of Colonel Albert Edward Williamson Goldsmid. Lord and Lady Swaythling have three sons and a daughter.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

Words of William. The worst of a Kaiser's small-talk with an actress is that it so quickly ceases to be small. The words of William uttered the other day have spread their wings and multiplied in the interval until they include palpable inventions, but on this occasion

served a friend, high in law, in the hearing of the Lord Chancellor. Nobody knows what that gentleman's ears made of the remark, but it secured a judgeship for Grantham. Another appointment, remembered by a Highland lady, had more reason behind it. When George IV. visited Edinburgh, the Chancellor was searching everywhere for pure Glenlivet whisky: the King drank nothing else. "My

time to reach all the women whom it might offend. After commenting on a lack of elegance in one class of German women, he exclaimed, "But I'll do them justice. Thank heaven, they never make up their faces like Englishwomen! No German who respects herself flies to rouge or the powder-jar."

"And a Good Judge, Too."

The only man more interested than Mr. Justice Lawrance to hear the name of his successor was the man who bears it. For most people a judicial appointment is not sufficiently unexpected to be exciting. Once it was different. Sir William Grantham attributed his presence on the Bench to a misconception "Whatever he may know about the law, he is a good judge of horse-flesh," observed



DETERMINED TO BE THE GIPSY "SARAH LEE" AGAIN THIS YEAR: LADY ARTHUR GROSVENOR.

Last year Lady Arthur Grosvenor, masquerading as "Sarah Lee," made a caravan tour through North Wales, travelling gipsy fashion. This year, accompanied by her children, and, probably by her husband, she will caravan from Cheshire to the coast, and then from Bordeaux to the South of France, where she will visit the Duke of Westminster's French hunting-chateau. The tour will last some months. A Leeds firm have built her two light caravans which her horses will be able to draw twenty miles a day. Lord Arthur Grosvenor is the Duke of Westminster's uncle, and heir-presumptive to the title.

father sent word to me—I was the cellarer—to empty my pet bin, where was whisky long in wood, long in uncorked bottles, mild as milk. Much as I grudged this treasure, it made our fortunes afterwards. It insured to my father the Indian judgeship."



IN NATIONAL DRESS AT HER ADOPTED COUNTRY'S NATIONAL SPORT: THE QUEEN OF SPAIN AT A BULL-FIGHT.

King Alfonso is seen seated behind her Majesty, in civilian dress, bare-headed.—[Photograph by Trampus.]

BILL - TOPPERS IN CRINKLED PAPER: MODEL STARS.



1. MR. HARRY LAUDER.

2. MR. MARTIN HARVEY.

3. MR. WILKIE BARD.

4. MR. GEORGE ROBEY.

5. MISS BESSIE MAJOR, MR. OSCAR ASCHE, AND MISS LILY BRAYTON—IN "KISMET."

6. "A CLASSICAL DANCER."

7. MISS LILY ELSIE.

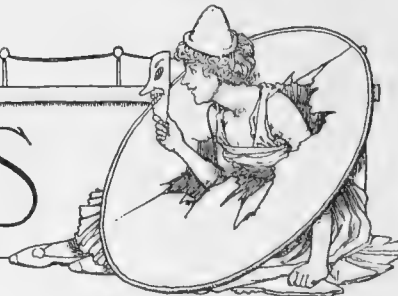
8. MISS GERTIE MILLAR.

9. "THE STAIRCASE WALTZ."

On our "Stage from the Stalls" page appear reproductions of two figures by "Gladys," which it was arranged to give to Miss Lillah McCarthy as a souvenir of the record run of "Fanny's First Play," the four-hundredth performance of which took place on Monday, April 1. Other amusing theatrical caricatures in crinkled paper, by "Gladys," are given above; these are from the collection of Mr. J. A. Harrison, the well-known stage costumier, of Leicester Square.—[Photographs by C. J. L. Clarke.]



STAR TURNS



A STAR "IN RUBBERS": MISS GERTRUDE VANDERBILT.

"YOU must stir it and stomp it, And blow your own trumpet," is the well-known Gilbertian couplet addressed to those who would get on in this world. The spirit of this advice, couched in a more colloquial phrase, was given to Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt by her first manager, Mr. George Cohan, one of the chief managers and actors of musical comedy in New York. "Talk about yourself as much as possible, and get the Press to write about you as much as possible; that is the only way to be famous," was his way of putting it. Unhappily, or happily, for her, however, this is the one thing Miss Vanderbilt hates to do. For this reason she elected to appear at the Palace unheralded by the puff preliminary, and therefore the *Sketch* stated under the smiling picture of her which graced a page a couple of weeks ago, that she had come "in rubbers."

As a child she was always dancing and singing. Her home was near a variety theatre in Brooklyn: she got to know the manager, and confided to him her desire to be a dancer. One day, he told her that a turn was coming to him for the following week which needed eight dancing girls, and advised her to try for an engagement as one of them. She did. She went to the theatre without having prepared any kind of dance, and when her turn came to be tried, she danced just such steps as came into her head and was immediately snapped up. She danced that week without her people having an idea of it, for the turn was an early one. So successful was she that the manager sent her to New York, to Mr. George Cohan's manager, with a letter of recommendation, and she was at once engaged for the chorus of a musical comedy about to be produced. She went home, packed her trunk, still without saying a word to her people, and went off to Philadelphia with the company. Her parents thought she had gone to visit an aunt, so they were not worried about her. Three days later she wrote that she was "with a show." When she answered their inquiries her people were quite satisfied that she should stay with it.

There were some forty girls in the chorus, all of whom had been engaged in New York. When Mr. Cohan went to Philadelphia to see a rehearsal, he turned to his manager and said, "There is only one dancer in that bunch." That one dancer was Miss Vanderbilt, and she was at once promoted to do a special number with half-a-dozen other good dancers. She remained with the company all that season, and proved her mettle one evening when a cue came and the actress who should have taken it up and ridden in on a bicycle was not there to do it. Without giving a chance for a "stage wait,"

Miss Vanderbilt jumped on the bicycle, rode on to the stage, and played the scene. The next season she was given one of the best parts in the piece. The following year she was engaged for New York, where she had six dances in a musical piece called "The American Idea." They were such fast, not to say cyclonic, dances that an enterprising journalist who was amazed at the speed with which she moved and the space she must, therefore, have got over, suggested to the manager that a speedometer should be attached to her. It was, and the number of miles she traversed in a performance was registered and duly published. The record was startling.

Miss Vanderbilt's big chance came when she was engaged to do a series of interpolated dances in the New York production of "Our Miss Gibbs," for which Miss Pauline Chase went specially to America with an English company. On the opening night, Miss Vanderbilt's dances were the feature of the performance, and she had the joy of seeing the greater part of the audience standing up and shouting for the little American girl who had charmed them with her eccentric dancing, for, with the exception of Miss Chase, Miss Vanderbilt was the only American-born artist in the company. From New York they went to Philadelphia, and there Miss Chase's mother died. Though Miss Vanderbilt was not Miss Chase's accredited understudy, the management were glad to avail themselves of her services and, with only three hours' notice, she played the part which was originally acted by Miss Gertie Millar at the Gaiety. Not only did she dance all the numbers incidental to the part, but her own interpolated ones as well. As she did not know those Miss Chase had done, she invented dances for herself as she went along, as she used to do when she first began to dance.

Her success was so great that she continued to play the part until Miss Chase returned. When the latter finally left the company in Chicago, Miss Vanderbilt stepped into her place and kept it until the season closed a couple of weeks later. The practical result of that hit was that she was engaged for the leading part in a musical comedy, "The Happiest Night in His Life," and as soon as it was over she was once more secured by Mr. Cohan for another musical comedy, "The Red Widow." "Fancy!" he said when she told him the salary she wanted for the part; "and we used to pay you only forty dollars a week."

She left "The Red Widow" to come to London to fulfil her present contract with Mr. Butt. In three weeks, however, she will be appearing again in New York, but in all probability she will return to London before the season has waned.



THE NEW SAPPHO, AT THE THÉÂTRE DES CAPUCINES, PARIS: MLE. RÉGINA BADET AS SAPPHO.



IN "SAPPHO": MLE. MAUD HARRY AS CALYCÉ, AT THE CAPUCINES.

"Sappho," an operetta in two acts, by André Barde and Michel Carré, and with music by Charles Cuvillier, was given for the first time the other day at the Théâtre des Capucines, Paris.

Photographs by Bert.

If Unhealthy, Be Healthy; If Healthy, Be Healthier!



KEEP FIT EXERCISES: III.—THE BALANCE-THE-TUB EXERCISE FOR THE NERVOUS—THE RIGHT AND THE LEFT LEGS TO BE RAISED ALTERNATELY.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

NICE — AS I SEE IT.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

TO-DAY and yesterday and the day before the "Azure Coast" is a mere courtesy title. From my balcony, transformed into a miniature Roman bath of marble and mosaic, the scene—sea, sky, town, gardens, and rocks—is lachrymose and veiled with grey. The garden of the hotel looks ridiculous and pitiful under the scourge of rain and gale. Its preciousness, its lozenges of flowers, its arabesques of dwarf cactus seem to shrink under the masterful mistral. Not very far—in fierce Corsica, or even along the Littoral, in some spot blessedly deprived of hybrid villas, partly French, partly Italian, and English (!) gardens—the raging storm must be a gorgeous joy. Here, Nice is so much wetted finery. A great wish invades me to go forth into the rain in quest of some grown cactus and uncombed grass. This rain—so real and elementary—pushes me towards Nature, towards things not pretty—merely beautiful.

I struggle into goloshes, slip into a macintosh, and drawing the hood well over my head, start downwards in the lift, armed with an umbrella. Waiting to get in are the visitors of the omnibus, the women so smart when they ventured forth, now lamentable in spoilt white and seaweedy feathers. I cross the hall, where exasperated *Fräuleins* are trying to make their exasperating charges forget it is raining, and that one cannot go out. From the music-room come forth energetic wailings, mixed with the thunder outside, and that of the accompaniment. I enter the writing-room on tip-toe and sit at the table between a military-looking Englishman, who slashes audibly at his note-paper, and a little, rotund German merchant, whose feet dangle pathetically two inches from the parquet. Opposite are two German ladies with smooth hair and generous waists. They are there ostensibly to write letters; but, instead, they are exchanging, in a guttural whisper and with a ponderous vivacity, their views, not (God save the Emperor!) on the three "K's" of Imperial oburgation; not on "Küche, Kinder, und Kirche," but, ashes of ye great Odin! on frocks of taffeta! My martial neighbour may slash, their snug countryman may dangle his legs desperately—the two frivolous *fraus* take no heed. The word "taffeta," distinct and persistent, as in the chorus of Herr Reinhardt, forces its sound into our comprehension. Fortunately, my own correspondence is limited to picture postcards to my less sophisticated acquaintances. Once

the stamps are duly licked and affixed, I pull a curl out of my hood to spite the lank hair of our feminine tormentors, and make for the door.

The negro porter exhibits thirty-two incredulous teeth, and in his gentle, musical voice: "Mademoiselle knows that it is raining?" I pass him and his revolving doors like a squirrel making for a wide wood. On the road I find myself ankle-deep in a white liquid somewhat like Paris milk. With me go the thunder and the lightning. I pass villas too large, in gardens too small. As a compensation, here and there out of the apertures in the walls roses offer their scarlet smile to the passer-by, and it seems as if the stone itself had blossomed. But even roses and all their grace cannot expiate the sins of artificial rocks, plaster urns, and frescoes in modern art. Nice, Nice! what have they done to thee? They have cramped, clipped, and cultivated thy beauty, and ranked thee with the poodle, the Japanese tree, the pierced ear of a beautiful woman, the bandaged foot of a Chinese patrician maiden, the small waist of the future mother—things perversely spoilt. The sack of a town Time can remedy. The grass grows over the ruins, and, where the belfry stood, the wind rings the soundless convolvuli. But the hordes that invaded Nice did

not sack—they built. They undid by doing! The iconoclast was replaced by the architect.

The pity of it is that it dazzles one so as to prevent one from seeing those other people one came really to see and be seen by. Methinks that had Nice of forty years ago been as the Nice of to-day, Alphonse Karr would have selected some other spot wherein to grow his mimosa, his violets and carnations, some other enchanted garden wherein to play at being a gardener, as Marie Antoinette played at churning butter at Trianon.

I walked in the storm, past the Russian church with its green cupolas washed by the rain, down past the station with its vociferating crowd of impudent porters, down to the old town and the torrent Paillon. And as I stood, looking down at its swollen waters, the rain stopped. One by one the washerwomen, with linen-baskets and wooden bats in their arms, descended in the bed of the Paillon.

They spread to dry on the pebbly banks white sheets and patched blue trousers. Graciously the sun came, sudden and resplendent, and did its humble office with the linen of the Paillon.



DOLLEY WITH DOLLY: Mlle. MADELEINE DOLLEY AND HER "MASCOT."

Photograph by Manuel.



WITH HER FIVE CHILDREN: THE MARCHIONESS OF BUTE.

Before her marriage, which took place in 1905, Lady Bute was known as Miss Augusta Bellingham, daughter of Sir (Alan) Henry Bellingham, fourth Baronet. Her eldest son, the Earl of Dumfries, was born in August 1907; Lord Robert Crichton-Stuart was born in 1909; Lord David in 1911; Lady Mary in 1906; and Lady Jean in 1908.

Photograph by Speaight.

A BUMPER MISTAKE.



THE PHRENOLOGIST: Bless my soul, Sir; your bump of destructiveness is most abnormally large. You must be a soldier.

THE SUBJECT: Oh, dear no; I'm a chauffeur.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

"FORBIDDEN BY THE KING OF SPAIN": THE INFANTA EULALIA'S BOOK.*

If the Queen of Spain were Still Legless.

Had it been written when etiquette asserted that the Queen of Spain had no legs, the Infanta Eulalia's "Thread of Life" might have been regarded with considerable disfavour by the prejudiced patricians of her native land. But even Majesties have something more human than lower limbs these days; and it is impossible to explain King Alfonso's eagerness to delay the publication of the "Countess d'Avila's" work until he had read it, save on the ground that he had an idea that "it was going to be a book on some other subject—a book that would make a scandal." That is the suggestion in the note on the author which closes the volume; doubtless it is the correct solution of the mystery. It is true that the Infanta gives ample evidence of a broad Socialism that is foreign to some Courts; but what is that in the times of democratic Duchesses? It is true that she has some freedom of expression. Again, what is that? She uses the methods of the modern, that is all. Her spade is usually a spade; if it is not, it is at all events nothing so stupid as an agricultural implement. It is true that she believes that divorce is an unfortunate necessity; and that, of course, is forbidden by the Roman Catholic Church. Many hold the same view. For the rest, let a few extracts bear witness to the tenor of her talk.

The Infanta on Divorce.

First, something from her chapter on divorce. "Divorce," she writes, "offers an advantage in preventing marriage from being regarded as an endless chain, a crushing yoke, or a prison deliberately chosen as a livelihood. It means, in fact, that people need not be tightly bound together who cannot bear so to live; it would put an end to what is sometimes extreme mental suffering, abolish dangers which sometimes lead to murder; in a word, it means escape from 'the sentimental and emotional results of the indissolubility of marriage.' . . . Divorce is useful, necessary, moral. But it may, it should, become more so, and undergo modification. Divorce by mutual consent must become the remedy for evils which dishonour the human soul; victims of unhappy marriages should be able to dissolve their union without the most intimate details of two lives—poisoned by misunderstanding, incompatibility of temper, excess, cruelty, and insult—being made a prey to public curiosity, the malice of barristers, and the opinions of judges."

Royal Spain and Woman.

On the "Complete Independence of Woman," and on the "War Against Feminism" she has divided opinions. "When the woman became the property of the man," she writes, "the slave destined to work for the male, the development of the race stopped short, the salutary effect of the woman's free choice having ceased. In a new state of society, when woman, duly trained for her part, shall recover her complete freedom, we shall

see the triumph of affinities, and the power of a feminine ideal will ensure for the future a new and vigorous race." Again, she says: "From the dependent that she once was, woman will become the agent required by her times. If she no longer receives from her comrade, as in old Teutonic days, the cuirass, helmet, and sword, that she may fight by his side, she will none the less endeavour to equal him in the field of intellect. . . . woman is, fundamentally, man's equal."



WRITER OF THE BOOK WHOSE PUBLICATION THE KING OF SPAIN WISHED TO "HOLD UP"; THE INFANTA EULALIA OF SPAIN, AUTHOR OF "THE THREAD OF LIFE."

No Poor; No Permanent Servants.

The perfect Socialism is to her a dream at least as difficult of realisation as the nightmare of the fanatic. "A form of association . . . should guarantee that no one should be rich enough to take anyone into bondage, and that no one should be poor enough to be compelled to sell himself. Again, no man should be able to say: 'I am hungry, I do not know how to get food; I am cold, I have no means of warming myself; I am homeless, I do not know where to rest my head.' No woman must need to make merchandise of herself to escape starvation. . . . Socialism would have to impose a sort of economic equality which would satisfy everyone; so that he who had climbed a few rungs of the social ladder need not envy him who is already at the top. It must, in short, do away with every cause of discontent, envy, and revenge between those classes who are compelled to have constant dealings with one another." To use a colloquialism, a tall order! There is the servant problem, too; and that may be solved—by a system of "service by the hour," which "would have the advantage of providing regular attendance"; and "there would be no more spying, no more mean revenges, no more

dishonourable compromises. As the lower classes have shaken off the yoke of their slavery, why should we still be the victims of a new state of things in matters domestic?" So the Infanta, who argues further: "There would be less friction, more justice all round. In the absence of close proximity there would be no more irritating surveillance, no fear of gossip, no ill-temper over work ill-done or neglected. If you have a masseur or masseuse, even a 'bath attendant,' a hairdresser, a manicurist, a packer, a 'vacuum-cleaner,' and a floor-polisher, what remains to ask of your servants? If a woman can come and fetch your dresses to be ironed or 'freshened,' and a man do the same with your coats, and someone else come and polish your boots, is not that all-important? . . .

'But the expense!' someone will say. If you calculate what the servants living in your house cost you in one way and another, you will come to the con-



SIR CHARLES AMONG THE SOUDANESE; SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM—AND WARRIORS—AT KHARTOUM.

clusion that there would be less expense for the employer and certain profit for the servants, whose services by the hour would be better paid." Once more, Utopia!—Of such is the Infanta Eulalia's book ("Forbidden by the King of Spain"), and of much of a similar kind. Many will read it with curiosity and interest—doubtless, even Alfonso XIII. himself, for even the Queen of Spain has legs, nowadays!

* "The Thread of Life." By H.R.H. the Infanta Eulalia of Spain. With a Rembrandt Photogravure Frontispiece, Four Full-Page Plates, and a Note on the Author and her Book. (Cassell, 10s. 6d. net.)

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN — LIFE !



THE MAJOR (at the tobacconist's) : Half-a-pint of bird's-eye, please.

DRAWN BY WILNOT LUNT.



SELF - CONTROL.

By E. CHRISTIAN.

THIS is but the first half of a true story, the second half of which has not yet been written, because it has so far not happened. Some day it will happen, and then perhaps Chapter II. will be written.

Waris Ali was literally a man of war; he was practically never at peace, and as the Lord had taught his fingers to fight and his brains to think, he was a man of formidable reputation. As an officer of the North Kohistan Militia he took a prominent share in maintaining the King's peace upon the borders, and in those parts the peace is only kept by giving a man a Roland, or two Rolands, for his Oliver. Subadar Waris Ali was a fancy shot, and he had quite an armoury of rifles presented to him at different times by British officers who liked him and admired his prowess. But these rifles, a Mauser, a John Rigby, and I don't know what else, were chiefly kept for trans-border use, for those occasions when Waris Ali went home on leave; and for all Government work he stuck to the service Lee-Enfield. With this battered but very serviceable weapon, Waris Ali had done yeoman service to the Sirkar: he kept the score with scrupulous care, and he reckoned that he had rid the Government of thirty-two of its enemies, who were also his enemies. Thirty-two men who had, as members of raiding parties, crossed the border in quest of cattle, loot, women, had not recrossed it. It is a big score for one man, and it had taken years to compile, but Waris Ali was confident of adding to it.

So much for Waris Ali's Government work, congenial work done in the public service of which he was a paid officer, a kind of Eastern edition of Buffalo Bill.

But Waris Ali had private wars too, and to go on leave was for him not a rest, but a time of service yet more continuously active and strenuous than that entailed on him by his duty as a sub-warden of the marches.

To get home at all was a campaign in itself, for Waris Ali had a "badi," or private feud, of the most virulent and ferocious type. The family war was *à outrance*, and a false step meant death to whoever was so silly as to make it.

As a matter of fact, it was the enemy who so far had made most of the false steps, and Waris Ali had notched his rifle fourteen times as a sign that he had slain fourteen of the enemy. By doing so he had piled up a great deal of trouble for himself, for fourteen men have among them a large number of relatives, and these were all seeking for the blood of Waris Ali and of Waris Ali's family. The situation was rather complicated by the fact that two of the leaders of the opposing faction were officers in regular Indian regiments; in British territory they and Waris Ali were brother-officers of the same service, but over the border a meeting would necessarily mean to the King-Emperor the loss of at least one officer, perhaps of more. As a matter of fact, Waris Ali had never met either of these men in India, for their regiments were quartered far from the haunts of the North Kohistan Militia; and across the border, if these leaders had ever respectively stalked each other, none of them had made the one fatal mistake.

But Mahommed Shah and Mir Hussain wanted to get even with Waris Ali, and they did.

One day when he was sitting in his Militia post, Waris Ali had bad news. Both his children had been killed by the feud-enemy, and Waris Ali bowed his head beneath the blow. The enemy, knowing that Waris Ali himself was away from home, had gone forth cunningly; near his home Waris Ali's boy of ten was at play, and a single shot at close range snapped the thread of life. To the door came the wife of Waris Ali, alarmed by the sound of firing, carrying in her arms a child of a few months. The child was killed outright, and the mother wounded by the same bullet.

This is considered to be a legitimate and laudable form of war across the Frontier, and on it, for in those parts there are no fanciful ideas about chivalry. Little brown corpses are a source only of satisfaction to those who have a feud against their sire.

Waris Ali was bent by the storm, but he was far from broken. Only the blood-feud would now be waged with even greater ferocity than before. He obtained leave, and, having reached home with the usual difficulty, he sought for vengeance. It was at this time that he added to his rifle the thirteenth and fourteenth notches, but neither of these represented the life of Mahommed Shah or of Mir Hussain. His leave up, Waris Ali rejoined his Militia, and while doing his duty pondered on the unattained sweets of vengeance.

It was some time later that, in company with a British officer of his own corps, Waris Ali was driving in a tonga along the frontier road. Between his feet rested the stock of his rifle, for men must not go unarmed in those parts, least of all men such as Waris Ali. It was late afternoon and the westering sun beat down on the road with sweltering heat. While yet eight miles remained of the distance that lay between the travellers and the post towards which they were making, a wheel came off, and Waris Ali and his companion were thrown out upon the road. Picking themselves up, they surveyed the ruin of their tonga; there was nothing for it but to wait by the roadside till the next conveyance should come along.

They waited and waited, till at last another tonga appeared in the distance; when it came near the Englishman stood up and waved to the driver, who reined in his sweating ponies. From the rear there leaped out a passenger, and the passenger was no other than Mahommed Shah. Waris Ali saw him before he was by him seen, and he half lifted his rifle. Mahommed Shah was, perhaps, the very man who had killed his boys—at all events, it was at his instigation that they had been shot. And here he was at a range of six feet, unarmed except for a holstered pistol. A perfect frenzy of hate seized Waris Ali for a moment, and his fingers gripped the rifle till the knuckles and finger-nails showed pale.

Mahommed Shah turned and recognized him, and the expression of his face altered a little. His hand began to steal towards his pistol, but dropped again to his side as he realised that he could not possibly draw it in time if Waris Ali were going to shoot.

Waris Ali did not shoot; he remembered in time that they were in British India, that they were on the high road of the Sirkar. His recollection of these facts seems, in relating, hardly to account for his self-control, for, after all, had he killed his enemy he could probably have escaped across country. Could there have been in his mind some dim idea that he must not slaughter a brother-officer, and that trans-border killing is cis-border murder? Was there in him some spark of a law-abiding nature that asserted itself over the bitterness, the hatred, and the desire for blood that were raging in Waris Ali's breast?

Whatever the cause, he did not shoot.

Together they all mounted into the tonga; Waris Ali sat on the front seat with the driver, Mahommed Shah and the Englishman, the latter serenely unaware of the electricity in the atmosphere—conversing behind. They reached the post, and the next morning Mahommed Shah continued his journey to rail-head. But never in all his life had Mahommed Shah been so near to death, and no one knew it better than himself, except, perhaps, Waris Ali.

As for the latter, his self-control was a source of astonishment to himself.

But, as was said before, the rest of this story has not as yet occurred.

THE END.

MODERNITY.



POST-NEO-FUTURIST ARTIST (*soliloquising*): Jolly easy to sneer at these pavement chaps, but there's a something, a sense of the illimitable vastness, "the menace of the irreclaimable sea," about that fish—it's what I tried for in my "Two Oysters and a Vinegar-Bottle."



THE HUSBAND: Wages! 'S all yer think of. 'Ere I've bin d'scuss'n ec—ec'nom'ic p'shon o' woman all eve'n, and this is yer gratitood. Wages!—an' I took 'er side!

DRAWINGS BY HOPK READ.



A Novel in a Nutshell.

IN THE NAME OF GOD THE MOST MERCIFUL.

By E. CHRISTIAN.

FAZL Hug lay on his charpoy and groaned. He was a stout-hearted man, but fate had dealt him a blow, had delivered him into the hands of the Philistines.

His present circumstances were as bad as they well could be. He lay in close confinement in a room narrow and windowless; a thick mud wall offered itself to his groping hand as it slid restlessly over the surface, and close above his head were the cobwebbed rafters of the roof. He was in darkness emphasised by the narrow slits of light which showed at sill and lintel of the door.

His khaki uniform was dirty and disarranged, and a bloody rag round his right thigh betokened a wound.

Fazl Hug was, in fact, a prisoner and held close, and his capture had fallen out in this way.

He was a duffadar in the Levy Corps, one of those regiments of catch-em-alive-oh's who police the Indian frontier, and head back or round up, as the case may be, those bad men who make incursions into British territory. Fazl Hug had been in charge of a patrol, and when news came to him that a small raiding party from across the border had come over to lift cattle, he at once started in pursuit.

Fazl Hug had little to learn in the way of frontier-soldiering, but on this occasion he had been trapped. His three troopers had been killed by a sudden volley, and he himself, wounded and pinned beneath his dead horse, had been captured. He expected to have his throat cut forthwith, but in this he had been agreeably disappointed, for Fazl Hug cherished life quite as dearly as do others. So he was carried off, kept in durance, and informed that he was held to ransom. If no ransom were forthcoming—the sentence was left unfinished by his gaolers, who did not believe in unnecessary speech.

Apart from the material discomforts to which he was subjected, Fazl Hug suffered deeply in his pride. He knew himself for a good soldier, and he was furious with himself for being caught by the men whom he was trying to catch. It was boyish and callow to a degree, and highly unbecoming for an experienced non-commissioned officer of the Levy Corps. That was his military pride, but his religious pride suffered even more deeply. He was a Sunni, and his captors were Shias, and while both are children of Islam, the Sunni hates the Shia even more than the Catholic loathed the Lutheran. Fazl Hug was something of a fanatic, and, in his curious way, he looked on a Shia as more utterly damned and damnable than a real infidel. So he was galled in spirit as well as in body, and over and above all was the consciousness of an imminent death.

He guessed it was time for the evening prayer, and he rose stiffly from his charpoy to perform his devotions. He prostrated himself and rose erect, bowed his head to the ground, and acted devoutly in the prescribed manner, murmuring as he did so the appointed prayers.

When he had finished a thought came to him, and he prayed again.

"O God the All-Merciful, the Compassionate, I vow to sacrifice a goat if a way of escape be vouchsafed to me."

When he had made this petition, Fazl Hug betook himself again to his charpoy.

Twenty-four hours later Fazl Hug was still a captive, and hating captivity even more than before. When his evening devotions were completed, he prayed again.

"O Pure God, I vow to sacrifice two goats if a way of escape be but granted."

Another day passed, and Fazl Hug was still in durance. Some men might have felt a grievance in the non-acceptance of their offer; not so Fazl Hug, who was pious after his own lights, and knew that the ways and the wisdom of Providence are not to be doubted or questioned. That evening he made a new vow.

"O Almighty God, I vow to sacrifice a buffalo if I am delivered."

Fazl Hug's faith grew in proportion to his offer, and a day later, finding himself still unreleased by any agency, divine or human, he swore to offer up two buffaloes. Then again he lay down upon his charpoy and gave himself up to hope. Levy non-commissioned officers are not wealthy men, and a couple of buffaloes were about as much as Fazl Hug could afford. Were this sacrifice not accepted he would be at his wits' end to find a more satisfactory votive-offering.

A week, a long weary week, dragged out the length of its seven days and nights, and Fazl Hug, growing gaunt and haggard, feared that it was God's will that he should die. He had practically made up his mind to this when, in the middle of a hot and breathless night, a thought came to him. He rose and prayed yet once again.

"O God the Most Merciful and Compassionate, if liberty be granted, I will sacrifice two Shias, I swear it by the Prophet."

In almost exactly forty-eight hours Fazl Hug was a free man; his dirty khaki uniform was a little more soiled than before, and there was blood on his sleeve and breast, but it was not the blood of Fazl Hug. He limped along wearily, but cautiously; he was taking no chances now, and after two days' travel he arrived, almost exhausted, at a Levy post.

When he was once again fit for duty, Fazl Hug went back to work with a light heart. He had a vow to fulfil, and he was not the man to forget it; but he had to await his chance.

In time it came, in the form, as usual, of a raid, conducted by a party too small for its own purpose, but quite large enough for Fazl Hug's. With six men he chased four, and after a long pursuit he rounded them up. Two of them were killed, but two were captured alive, and Fazl Hug looked at them with dispassionate satisfaction. He explained the situation to his men, and when one of them suggested that the two dead men might be held to discharge the vow, Fazl Hug turned upon him in indignation. Thus to cheat God?

Fazl Hug took the rope-rein from his horse and tied a Shia's feet and hands; he borrowed from a comrade and bound the other.

The patrol looked on phlegmatically while Fazl Hug made his preparations.

"In the name of God the Most Merciful."

Half his vow was accomplished, and Fazl Hug turned red-handed to discharge the remainder.

"In the name of God the Most Merciful, the Compassionate."

Assisted by his men, Fazl Hug piled a rough little cairn above the double sacrifice, and, as a devout man, he never fails when he passes that way to dismount from his horse, and, facing Mecca-wards, breathe a prayer to the God who accepted his offering.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

Sandwich Indoors. It is clear that the golf school is to take a larger part in the general scheme of golfing things in the future than it has done. Already there are golf schools in different parts of London and in the provinces. They have one at Manchester, with some novel features of its own, including an arrangement with a target for practice at lofting shots, by means of which points may be scored for skill in getting the ball nearest to the bull's-eye. Now there is just announced and started one which is different from all the others and is fashioned according to a finer scheme. It is near to Piccadilly Circus, and there are large rooms there where golf practice of an extensive kind can be had indoors all the time. The floor has been laid with preserved grass, there is a real sand bunker to play niblick shots out of, and there is a putting-green with three holes. This is not by any means all. Round about there is scenery, and it represents the most special bits of the dear old course at Sandwich, the links of the Royal St. George's Club.



GOLFERS TO KNOW: IV.—
MR. BREWSTER NORBURY,
CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL
ST. DAVID'S GOLF CLUB,
HARLECH.

Photograph by Whitlock.

the fact that you see it coming nearer and nearer as you play in from the turn on a fine morning, knowing all the time that it contains the lunch and comfort that you so sadly need. This painted club-house is not responsive in that way; it stirs no emotions. And I do not think that the proximity of big pictures of the great, bold features of Sandwich will do anything to infuse the real golfing vigour and eagerness into you when near Piccadilly Circus. One can never begin to visualise and mentally play at the blind Hades hole or the Corsets, the Sahara, or the Suez Canal until one is no nearer Piccadilly Circus than Minster. However, something of value may be taught to the real beginner at a place like this, and some good wrinkles may be conveyed to others who are temporarily off their game. The golf schools have their real uses, and it is never a bad thing to swing a club with someone looking on who knows how it ought to be swung. But yet there are severe limitations to what can be done and taught at the academies, and I do

not think that a man can ever learn to drive or improve his driving unless he not only does his swings but sees the result of his strokes in the free and unfettered flight of his ball from start to finish. Think how far it has gone before pull and slice begin to make themselves apparent; and you cannot tell by merely watching a man swinging—or not generally, anyhow—whether he will be pulling and slicing or not. However, one wishes success to nearly all enterprises in golf, and includes this among them.



ENTERED FOR THE POST-
PONED LADIES' PARLIAMENT-
ARY HANDICAP AT RANELAGH:
MRS. PHILIP SNOWDEN, WIFE
OF THE WELL-KNOWN SOCIAL-
IST M.P. FOR BLACKBURN.

It was arranged that the Ladies' Parliamentary Handicap should be held at Ranelagh on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week, but the very wet state of the links caused postponement. Amongst those who entered for the event were Mrs. Asquith (15), Miss Asquith (15), Miss Elizabeth Asquith, Lady Eva Cholmondeley, Mrs. Tennant (37), and Mrs. Crawshaw Williams (36).

The American Schools. The golf school has developed to a far finer extent in America than it has done here. That is probably because in some of the districts, notably those about Chicago and Boston, no play is possible during the winter, and so the golf schools are the only places where the players can meet and swing their clubs in each other's company. Schools they are called, but they are not so much schools for teaching as places for practising and keeping in some sort of touch with the game, and the controlling authorities have invented an ingenious arrangement, the full details of which I have not yet obtained, by which within the limits of a very small space they can make tee shots and calculate what happened to them at the finish, and so with all the other strokes right down to the holing; and so it comes about that they play holes against each other, and then that they play particular holes, having charts of some kind by which holes of favourite courses are properly marked with all their bunkers and other features. They are enabled to play such a hole in the indoor sort of way, and all the other holes on that course, and consequently, when two men go to the school for an afternoon's golf in the winter they either agree what course they shall play or toss for choice. Records on charts of all the leading courses are kept, and you can have a round on any you like. This idea has developed to the extent of an indoor golf championship in the Chicago district, for which some of the leading golfers in America compete. Mr. "Chick" Evans was well forward in the indoor championship at Chicago this last winter. It says much for the Americans' love of the game and their capacity for being satisfied with the best that they can get, that they have brought themselves to like this sort of thing. I am glad that our winters are not so bad as to make it necessary.



GOLFERS TO KNOW: V.—
MR. A. G. JEANS, CAPTAIN
OF THE WALLASEY GOLF
CLUB, LIVERPOOL.



GOLF IN THE HEART OF THE WEST END: PLAYING ON THE "ROYAL ST. GEORGE'S LINKS AT SANDWICH," IN WINDMILL HOUSE, REGENT STREET.

Our photograph was taken in the new Golf School in Windmill House, Regent Street. The interior of this is designed to represent the Royal St. George's Links, at Sandwich; and a golfer is seen about to make a drive over the famous Maiden.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

Give me mud on a London suburban course rather than a dry round* indoors on wood and carpets that is called by the name of St. Andrews or Hoylake.

FROM ALL QUARTERS: PHOTOGRAPHS CURIOUS AND QUAIN'T.



1. THE STRAIGHT AND ARROW WAY: AN INDICATOR FOR PEDESTRIANS AND HOUSE-NUMBERS ON THE PAVEMENT.

2. BROUGHT UP FROM THE "OCEANA": £5000 IN GOLD AND TWO £131 SILVER INGOTS FROM THE SEA.

3. WAITING TO BE SET IN ITS PLACE AGAIN: A FUNNEL OF THE ITALIAN WAR-SHIP "SAN GIORGIO."

4. HATCHED! EASTER "EGGS" OF A MOST NOVEL, CHANTECLER-LIKE FORM.

5. SAID TO HAVE BEEN THE BASE OF AN OLD CROSS: THE WISHING-CHAIR, NEAR WHITBY.

6 and 7. "LA BOXE" AND "LA SAVATE" FOR LADIES: WOMEN BOXING IN FRANCE.

The first photograph shows how Mr. A. Endeavour would number private houses by figures set upon the pavement, and easily discernible by day and night: in other words, no more peering to find half-hidden numbers! It also illustrates an arrow-indicator for pedestrians, designed to keep the passer-by always on the right.—The "Oceana" went down, it will be recalled, with £750,000 in specie. This, divers are recovering.—The Italian war-ship "San Giorgio" went into dock in July of last year, and, after eight months, is taking her place on the active list again.—The Wishing-Chair shown is about a mile from Whitby Bridge, and is much favoured by the unmarried and by children who sit in it to wish. Story has it that it was once the base of an old cross, which took the place of a heathen altar.—"La boxe" is exceedingly popular in France just now: hence the starting of a special school for ladies, at which "la savate" is practised also.

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau, Ch. Trampus, F. M. Sutcliffe, G.P.P., Underwood and Underwood, and Fleet Agency.



Alteration of the Tax Formula Undesirable.

The present Treasury method of calculating the horse-power of motor-cars for the purposes of taxation has been the subject of the severest criticism from all quarters. As we all know, it was born of the notion that, no matter the ratio of bore to stroke, piston-speed itself would remain the same, and there was no more to be said in the matter. But the exigencies of the tax-list have changed all that, and the devotees of the long stroke have put quite a different complexion upon the matter. However that may be, and however unjustly the provisions of the Act may operate at times, particularly in the case of cars of more or less obsolete pattern, I am entirely with the Scottish Automobile Club, who in several communications to the Treasury and Board of Inland Revenue have urged the retention of the present formula. The club points out that the fixing of the basis for determining horse-power for taxation two years ago has had a distinct effect on the development of design since, and it would be unfortunate and

prejudicial to the interests of both manufacturers and owners to institute a new basis, which would discourage the present tendency towards standardisation.

Putting the Screw On!

Shall we always rotate our back-wheels in order to propel our cars, or does the future hold possibilities with regard to screw propulsion? Visitors to Brooklands on Easter Monday will, I believe, be interested to see a competition between two chassis which derive their propulsion from the rotation of aeroplane propellers set out

discovered a man lying in a state of collapse by the roadside. Finding it was a case of attempted suicide by laudanum, the patrol obtained an emetic of salt-and-water, and then took the man to



ARE YOU DYING TO RIDE IN IT? A MOTOR-HEARSE IN LONDON.

It is said of this 16-20 h.p., four-cylinder Argyll-Aster motor-hearse that it is in great request.—[Photograph by J. B. Twycross.]

a doctor. In the subsequent case the Bench highly commended the patrol for his promptitude, which had in all probability saved the man's life.

Baggage at Easter. It is perhaps a trifle late to advise as to the special construction of cases for carrying baggage while motor-touring at Easter, but if garments are to be protected from dust, special cases are required. The well-known firm of Messrs. J. B. Brooks and Co., of Birmingham, at one time, and indeed still, renowned for their cycle-saddles, have given this subject their special attention so far as the cases themselves are concerned. But too little thought is given by motorists to the disposition of the weight on the car. The ideal position for baggage is on the running footboards.

The Michelin Simple Guide System.

There are no half-measures about Bibendum or any of his doings. When he undertakes anything, he does it well, and well and well again. Nor does he selfishly confine such well-doing to the users of Michelin tyres alone. As a matter of fact, all the world and his aunt concerned with motor-touring can betake themselves to the Michelin Touring Office, at 81, Fulham Road, and get information and advice regarding touring in this country or on the Continent hot and hot over the counter. The Michelin Simple Guide System for France makes losing one's way an impossibility. All over that country the roads are numbered, and are classified into National Roads, Departmental Roads, Routes Vicinales, and so on. The Michelin Guide System makes the mapping of a tour a perfectly simple matter. Oh that some such system might be applied to our chaotic road administration!



ABOUT TO KEEP A GLAD EYE ON THE BALL: MISS ETHEL DANE READY TO START FOR THE GOLF LINKS WITH HER HUSBAND, MR CYRIL KEIGHTLEY.

Miss Ethel Dane, we need scarcely remind our readers, is scoring a great success as Kiki in "The Glad Eye," at the Apollo.—[Photograph by News Illustrations.]

over the rear of the frames. These machines, for which at present I can imagine no suitable name, have been built for the testing of aeroplane propellers, by the pull exerted on a draw-bar; but it has been found that, when given their heads, they attain quite a wonderful turn of speed. I understand that they climb the test hill at Brooklands with the greatest ease. Surely these freaks are fraught with great possibilities, if only in the matter of tyre-economy; but I cannot help thinking that the passengers would at all times sit in a bit of a draught.

Where the Scouts Come In!

Whatever may have been written to the contrary by certain prejudiced persons, there is no gainsaying the fact that all-up and down the country the patrols of the Automobile Association have time and again rendered yeomen's service to motorists. It is the realisation of this fact that has provoked the demand of the members and associates of the Royal Automobile Club for similar service, and the A. A. officials, so far from girding at the establishment of the Club Corps, should take it as the highest possible compliment that could be paid to their organisation. The patrols do not and will not confine their attentions to motorists, for all road-users standing in need of real assistance will find the uniformed men of both bodies ready to render it. Only the other day an A. A. patrol stationed on the Warwick-Kenilworth Road



AN ENGINE STEERED MOTOR-CAR FASHION: A LUMBER-TRAIN ON RUNNERS IN CANADA.

This Canadian lumber-train has trucks fitted with runners instead of wheels (temporarily removed), that its progress over snow and ice-covered land may be facilitated. The wheels of the traction-engine have shoe chains similar to those on the new British army motor traction-engine; these are designed to prevent it sinking into the snow and to give it a good grip. The steering is done from the front of the engine, the runners being controlled by a motor-car steering-wheel.—[Photograph by Fuller and Osborne.]



CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

Easter.

Easter Monday, Whitsuntide, and August Bank Holidays are great racing festivals with the public, who turn up in countless thousands at the more important meetings, while the numerous small fixtures under National Hunt rules are extensively patronised. To show the varied choice that

racegoers have on Easter Monday it is only necessary to mention that there are no fewer than sixteen meetings, and they are spread over the country. The most important from a Southerner's point of view is that at Kempton Park, where the chief race is the Queen's Prize, a very popular race with all classes of racegoers, who crowd the Sunbury enclosure whether the weather is wet or fine. The Queen's Prize is now a mile-and-a-half race, whereas previously it used to be decided over a mile. Willaura is very well handicapped, and I fancy Lord Derby will win the race with

have been beset with enormous difficulties, and they had confidence in the ability of those in charge to overcome the difficulties, if it were humanly possible to do so. One or two of the minor fixtures were sacrificed, but as regards the more important ones, they came through with flying colours, and so well were the efforts of the executives seconded by owners and trainers that good sport has been the rule. Hearty congratulations from all racing men are due to the officials referred to on the successful issue of their endeavours.

First Classic.

A month from to-day the first of the Classic races of the season will be decided, but, unfortunately, it will not furnish us with anything like a line for the Derby, on account of the absence of Lomond from the entries. On their juvenile running there is little if anything between Mr. Hulton's handsome

colt and White Star, but we shall have to wait a while ere the pair meet again—probably not before the Derby, which would bring back memories of their strenuous battle on the same track last year. Mr. J. B. Joel has Absurd in the Two Thousand Guineas as well as White Star, and it is quite on the cards that he could win with either. Public opinion would, nevertheless, incline to White Star as the better of the pair, notwithstanding the form shown in the Middle Park Plate last autumn. I heard a clever racing man give as his reason for objecting to White Star that he could not believe in the possibility of an owner having two brothers capable of winning the Derby in successive years. This is a purely fantastic objection, and one that does not weigh with me in the slightest degree. My impression is that White Star will turn out

to be nearly as good as his illustrious brother, and that Lomond will have to be all that Wootton thinks to beat the Wantage colt. There was an "if" about Sunstar, but there is no "if" about White Star.

RACING TIPS.

BY CAPTAIN COE.

For the three principal races on Monday and Tuesday next I shall take King William for the Queen's Prize; Kippen for the Lancashire Steeplechase, and Balcadden for the Jubilee Hurdle Race. Other selections are—Leicester, to-day; Melton Plate, Sunripe. To-morrow: Leicestershire Handicap, Haytor, Kempton, Monday; Richmond Handicap, Gala Tweed; Easter Handicap, Berrildon. Gosforth Park, Monday; Newcastle Handicap, Braemar. Birmingham, Monday; Spring Handicap, Anchora. Manchester, Monday; Spring Hurdle, Blind Hookey. Tuesday: Easter Steeplechase, Savannah II.



A SNACK ON THE "FIELD OF BATTLE"; SIR JOHN MILBANKE, V.C., LUNCHING WHILE OUT WITH THE BELVOIR.

Photograph by Barrett.

that horse or with King William, who will, if I am not mistaken, this year prove that there was good reason for the confidence shown in him last year. In the North the Manchester Meeting is one of the most important of the year held under National Hunt Rules, the valuable Lancashire Steeplechase and Jubilee Hurdle Race—both four-figure stakes—being decided there. For the former I hear good accounts of Kippen, who went very well when galloped with Whitaker's Grand National horses; and in the latter, Balcadden may improve on his Sandown running behind Meridian. My selections will be found under "Racing Tips."

Satisfactory.

Taken all round, the opening stages of the flat-racing season may be described as more than satisfactory. The industrial upheaval seemed likely to interfere considerably with the early meetings, but so far from that being the case, the number of horses that have run, and their quality, have been well up to, if not above, the average of the last few years, and attendances have only fallen very slightly below the average. These results have not been achieved by nonchalant methods. In normal circumstances, perhaps, our racecourse executives are rather prone to let things go on of their own volition; but let them be faced by any sort of difficulty, and they bustle with activity in their endeavour to bring their meetings to a successful issue. It is this admirable attitude that we have witnessed this spring, and for that reason alone, I have been sorry to notice the efforts of the wet blankets to counteract the strenuous work of the racecourse executives. The men who go racing know that those in charge of the various meetings



STARTER AT HIS HUNT POINT-TO-POINTS AT WOODBOROUGH; THE EARL OF HARRINGTON, WITH MR. J. FARR.

Photograph by Barrett.



WINNING FOR THE SECOND YEAR IN SUCCESSION: MISS ELNOR RIDING MR. A. W. HICKLING'S MARVEL TO VICTORY, IN THE LADIES' RACE, AT THE EARL OF HARRINGTON'S HUNT POINT-TO-POINT RACES.

The races took place at Woodborough, a few miles from Nottingham. Miss Elnor, who is a young girl, won the Ladies' Race by a distance—and not for the first time.—(Photograph by Barrett.)



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Dandy in the Dug-Out.

There is a very primitive boat—somewhat after the style of a modern punt—and a very primitive Londoner on view at the new Museum in Kensington Palace, and at the Private View they proved to be not the least attractive of the curiously varied exhibits which Mr. Guy Laking has gathered together. The early Londoner is bearded, of course, and a trifle poetic about the back hair; while his costume consists of one brief garment of coarse fur. He is, of course, dark—as dark as the typical Welshman—but he would have had, I imagine, a more bronzed and tanned skin, and not quite the innocent and benevolent expression which we see upon his waxen countenance; for at the time this prehistoric man flourished London was a place of swamps and rivers, and his habitation was probably on a raft moored to the shore. The getting of provisions with due regularity was a difficult business, and if the young man had a wife the responsibility must have been great. We should most of us like to have seen a girl of that period, attired in "correct" costume and coiffure, seated at one end of the dug-out. Why was this primitive Young Person not evoked for us out of the dim and swampy past? Indeed, the interesting possibilities of a London Museum are endless. What about Roman London? The invaders from Italy, it is true, preferred high and dry ground, and usually encamped on hills and downs, or built their enchanting villas on the slopes, so that the remains of their occupation are not important hereabouts; but still, the complete model of a Roman habitation would add to the historic continuity of this interesting collection.

Advertising Animals.

Professor J. A. Thompson has

added to our store of knowledge by his humorous account of the animals which "advertise" and the animals that don't. They curiously resemble human beings with the same idiosyncrasies. The self-advertisers, it appears, are usually "fussy, conspicuous, and bold," because they are uneatable, or have an obnoxious odour. Thus hedgehogs and porcupines are at no pains to be modest and quiet; their quills and spines are sufficient protection, not to mention the peculiar effluvia which they can emit on the approach of an enemy. The common shrew has this safeguard, so it ruffles it with the most audacious, even squeaking as it hunts. The dramatic instinct, it would seem, is as strong in some animals as in humans, but many of them require a human audience before they can play or amuse themselves. This is especially true of cats and dogs, who seldom play unless they know they have appreciative onlookers. These domestic friends of ours may go hunting "on their own," but they do not organise games or walks without the company or assistance of human beings. Both cats and dogs prefer quiet two-

legged friends, persons who can be relied on to sit for hours by a winter fire, or for a whole afternoon on a green summer lawn.

The Extinct Salon.

Mr. George Smalley, in his lively recollections of England, insists that Lady Arthur Russell was the last hostess who was able to maintain a Salon in London: And he candidly admits that she was only able to do this because she was of pure French nationality. For the Salon is an altogether different thing from the evening party or "crush" so dear to the English hostess—a gathering where every-

one is left to fend for himself, and where husbands are expected by their wives to take them down to supper. This kind of party resembles more a railway station, with trains to catch, and "ten minutes for refreshments" than a gathering of sociable beings. In a Salon, people are brought together, or carefully kept apart, according to their idiosyncrasies, by the watchful hostess. There must be real conversation, and not chatter, and there should be chairs or sofas to sit upon, and a sufficiency of space to move about. Mr. Smalley relates how the illustrious Renan, over from Paris and much lionised in London, was only at his ease in Lady Arthur Russell's drawing-room. For in the real Salon that much ridiculed thing, Culture, may be openly, but not obtrusively, displayed. If the guests have brains, they are not expected, as in certain "smart" houses, carefully to conceal the fact. Many distinguished foreigners, "dips," and others frequented Lady Russell's house, adding, of course, to its attraction. I have often noticed how the infusion of a Continental element into a London drawing-room immediately alters its tone, makes for gaiety and charm, in short, turns a crowd of human beings into a "party."

**FOR THE APPAREL OF PROCLAIMS THE—WOMAN: A TRIO OF NEW FASHIONS.**

The left-hand figure has a smoke-grey charmeuse gown, draped up one side of the skirt under a steel buckle. The bodice is outlined with a grey-tulle ruche and opens over a plastron of white tulle, the frill round it being made with Malines lace. The central figure wears a taffetas gown. The blue skirt has a multi-colour stripe; the jacket is of plain silk with a border of silk fringe, and has short sleeves with revers of striped taffetas. The chemisette and collar are of white tulle. The right-hand figure wears an elegant "tailor-made" in Surah silk. It has a draped tunic, showing long ends of black satin. The coat is in the bolero style, with collar and trimmings of white velvet.

The Sex in Revolt.

So far as I can gather, The Sex (as we used to be gallantly designated) is now in mild revolt—not so much against the tyranny of Man as against the eternal, never-ceasing tyranny of fashion. No sooner have we got our back hair, our expressions, and the lines of our figures into the required conventional mould than, lo! the whole process must be reversed: we must perforce be flat where our hair bulged out; we must look pert, while erstwhile we were pensive; and we must pinch in our waists instead of enjoying the freedom of classic attire. Yet the strenuous attempts made in Paris to revolutionise our appearance this spring are not meeting with unalloyed success. Somehow, the "panier" draperies of Marie Antoinette look (as well they may) ill at ease on the sheath-like skirt; small hats have a *lion comique* effect crowning this unnatural alliance below; and Woman, above all, is determined not to go back to the horrors of tight-lacing now that she has won freedom to indulge in games and sports.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on April 10.

HOME RAILS AND THE STRIKE.

IT is both curious and remarkable that throughout this great Coal Strike, with nearly two million men out of work, and the newspapers full of stories of distress, the Stock Markets have presented, and continue to present, not only firmness but animation, while new issues flood the Press with by no means unattractive advertisements. In traffics alone already a million and a half has been lost to the railways, and yet the price of stocks is hardly affected. Take half-a-dozen big lines, and compare the price to-day with that at the beginning of the year—

	JAN. 1.	MARCH 28.
Caledonian	81	82
Great Western	122	119
London and North-Western	138	134
London Brighton	117	115
Midland Deferred	73	71
South-Eastern	87	87

The very slight depreciation is so remarkable that if we had been told what little effect the strike and the huge loss of traffics would make, we should, we confess, not have believed that so much could happen with so little effect.

NITRATE.

We have repeatedly referred to the Nitrate prospects in these columns, and expressed our belief in this market, and our faith, up to the present, has certainly been justified. The shares of all the producing Companies have displayed activity, more especially during the last month, and the following table will give some idea of the advances shown since the beginning of the year—

	JAN. 1.	TO-DAY.
Rosario	6½	6¾
Liverpool	20½	22¾
Lantaro	9¾	11

There has been a steady advance in the quotation for the fertiliser, to-day's spot value in Liverpool being £11 against £10 5s. at the beginning of the year.

This price represents an advance of about 4d. per quintal over that ruling during the twelve months ending June last, which is the official year of many Companies, and, of course, means a very important addition to their profits.

The poor cotton prices have caused American planters to restrict next year's production and, therefore, their need of nitrate, but quite lately a better demand has sprung up from this quarter, and both the Continent and Egypt have been buying more freely. The prospects are for even better prices than those now ruling, and even if the production is curtailed by labour difficulties, the extra profits should more than compensate the Companies. We think Rosario are probably still the pick of the market, as the new officina will be opened in April.

THE NIGER COMPANY.

During the recent activity among the Nigerian Tin group, the shares of the Niger Company have participated only to a small extent, and at their present price of 4½ do not look overvalued. Since 1899, when the Royal Charter was surrendered, the Company has been a purely commercial one, engaged in general trading, shipping large quantities of gum, ivory, ostrich-feathers, etc., to England, and owning river steamers, warehouses, etc., in Nigeria. Their engineers were the first to discover tin in the country about 1902, and prospecting licenses over 1000 square miles were then taken out. Since that date prospecting has been regularly carried on, and several subsidiaries have been floated. The Nigerian Tin Corporation was the first, in 1909, and the Naraguta and Bauchi Companies made their appearance early in the following year; in each case a substantial interest was retained by the parent company. Profits from tin working and proceeds of sales of concessions during 1910 amounted to £208,289, and whatever may be the results from this source for 1911, there is little doubt that those for 1912 will be much better. Both the mining and general business must benefit very considerably from the opening of the Baro-Kano Railway in April, as hitherto the most primitive methods have had to be relied upon for transport of all kinds.

Since 1901 regular dividends of 10 per cent. have been paid, and for 1909 and 1910 there were additional bonuses of 10 per cent. and 7½ per cent., respectively. We anticipate a bonus of at least 10 per cent. will be declared for 1911, possibly 12½ per cent., and if this should be the case the shares at the present price would yield nearly 5 per cent., and have every prospect of attaining a permanently higher level as the country becomes more and more developed.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"What vexes me," complained The Jobber, "is the fact that I never drop on to any of what you might call the 'sweet' things."

"For example?"

"Well, Metropolitan, and Bays, and 'Bus stock, and Central Londons—"

"And P. and O.," suggested The Engineer. "I had that tip myself, and didn't take it. Oh, glory!"

"You ought to be very thankful you weren't in any of the 'sweet' stuff," declared The City Editor. "If you had been, you'd have got out at a good profit and evermore lamented that you didn't double or treble it by holding on."

"M'yes; there is that about it," the sufferer admitted thoughtfully. "Although the consolation is a little negative, eh?"

The Banker laughed outright at the novelty of the view, but a few moments later he became serious at once on being appealed to on the chances of Consols.

"Consols might go to a little above 80 if we had a change of Government," The Banker replied. "But even then, I doubt very much whether the price would be maintained, unless further steps were taken to popularise the stock."

"Then we must still button up our pockets steadfastly against the wiles of our brokers," said The Merchant; "because all brokers tell you to buy Consols."

"What nonsense!" quoth he of the cloth. "Consols are just what we don't recommend. Putting aside all lower considerations, we get very little commission on Consols as compared with other things."

"I think you are hardly correct myself," added The Banker. "My experience tends to show stockbrokers, as a rule, have alternatives to offer which they think will be better than the Funds."

"Nigerian Tin shares, for example," remarked The Jobber. "There are some really sound securities to be found in that market—I don't think!"—and his sniff implied scorn unutterable.

"I think the Jos is a good concern; it's turning out a lot of decent stuff," said The Engineer.

"They speak very well of Keffi, though the price is too high, in my opinion," The Merchant told them.

"The special settlement in Keffi will probably take place about the third week in April," said The Broker. "I don't quite know how that will affect the price temporarily."

"When's the Nigerian Tin boom going to smash?" demanded The City Editor. "You can't have a boom last for ever when it's founded on sardine-tins and fruit-cans."

"Not even when it is fed by newspaper puffs and advice not altogether disinterested," pursued The Jobber mildly. "I am told that—"

"You should never believe more than half you hear, as the maiden lady said when charged with having twins." The City Editor obviously disliked the turn the conversation was taking.

"Go slow in Nigerians, get hold of a good broker, and you may yet make money out of that market," said The Jobber. "Don't forget, all the same, that it hasn't got the stability and reputation of the Kaffir—"

"Reputation! That's a good word for the Kaffir Circus! This rise just lately has been built up on the Nigerian boom. If it hadn't been for that, Kaffirs would have remained as dead as door-nails."

"There's a lot of trade doing in the House, taking one part with another," said The Broker. "Quite a fair amount of investment business, too."

"A friend of mine recommended me Brazil Railway 4½ per cent. First Mortgage Bonds at 89," volunteered The Engineer.

"Well covered and excellent security," The City Editor answered him. "Very nice bonds to sit on and watch them go up five points."

"Central London 4 per cent. Preferred at 88 can't be dear," said The Merchant.

"Underground Electric 6 per cent. Incomes at 89 for me," The Broker declared. "If they don't get the full 6 per cent. this year, they will in 1913, and probably 4 per cent. next September."

"Rubber shares are strangely neglected," observed The Merchant. "Can't make it out. The raw rubber market is very firm; there is little enough floating supply of shares, and yet prices keep dull."

"Don't you worry, old man," The Broker advised him. "Just you wait till the market gets a little public attention, and then—!"

"Ah, well," said The Jobber. "*Chacun son goût*. If I must be a bull, I'd rather be up to the neck in oil than in rubber! Good morning, gentlemen all."

Friday, March 29, 1912.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

B.W.—We think for what you want, and the interest yielded, the stocks you name might be placed in the following order—5, 8, 7, 4, 10, 1, 3, 9, 2, 6.

MOORAK.—The bank is doing a good business, and unless you object to the liability, there is no reason to sell. As a Banking share to hold you could not do better.

F.E.P.—You cannot get 6 per cent. without risk. Brazil Great Southern Debentures, Inter-oceanic of Mexico Second Preference, or Forestal Land Ordinary might do. You would be wiser to aim at 5½ per cent., and buy really safe things. We think Argentine Land and Investment Preference high enough. They only yield 4½ per cent. at present price.

W. P. C.—It is expected that the dividend on Rio Trams will be raised. Hence the tip going round to buy

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Curtailed Trips.

Fine ladies have been trying hard to find out from great men what is going to happen. Plans have all seemed to hinge directly or indirectly on the Coal Strike. Many who meant to go far afield have decided to be where motors may take them and bring them back. The great unattached, who own their time and have plenty of money, may go abroad and stay there until this unrestful country of ours has returned to something like its old order. For those who do things that have to be done, there is the motor. Fixed in an old farmhouse, modernised sufficiently for comfort and not too much for appearance, looking out over one of the finest inland golf courses in the country, listening to ducks quacking, hens cackling, and turkeys making the sounds appointed unto them, one does not find the personal and particular effects of the strike half bad. A breeze is blowing in at the window, so fresh yet so mild that the fire seems superfluous. Of course, it costs more this mild, curtailed trip than if no strike were in progress, but then everything costs us more. Once upon a time the legend ran that, given Tariff Reform, our food would cost us more. It does: so does everything else; and we have not been given Tariff Reform. We have not been given anything but the privilege to pay, pay, pay!

Something New at Easter.

An unwritten law provides that new spring clothes shall make their debut at Easter. Sometimes the fulfilling of this law is also the catching of severe cold, for spring weather is bound by no laws, written or unwritten. There is no doubt that the panier has come to stay. It is a revival of the daintiest kind, and, while it remains well done

and dainty, we may be thankful for it. The prettiest example I have seen was a white taffetas gown, the fabric quite soft and taking pretty curves. The paniers appeared to be made in one with the skirt, just pulled a little over either hip, the skirt below quite narrow. There was a flowered design printed on the white, and a dark Saxe-blue satin sash. The bodice was quite plain and finished with a little fichu. It was essentially a feminine-looking dress, dainty and full of charm. There has been no dainty charm about the straight-up-and-down coats and skirts which were in vogue, the latter short and tight, showing a lot of rather vulgar-looking light-cloth topped,

patent-leather, vamped boots. The attraction of such costumes lay in the ugliness of the *ensemble*—more ugly, because more of a restraint to free movement, than trousers!

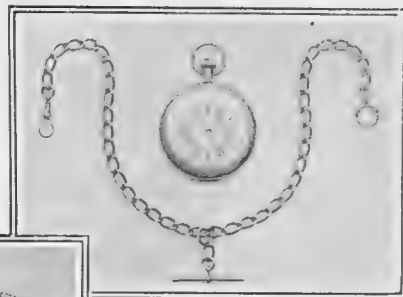
The Wedding of the Year.

Of all the matrimonial events arranged for this year the marriage of the Marquess of Stafford to Lady Eileen Butler is that of the greatest interest. Lord Stafford is, up to now, chiefly remarkable for being the son of his mother. The Duchess of Sutherland is so gifted and charming a woman that the men of her family are somewhat eclipsed by her own unsought-for prominence. Never does the Duke of Sutherland reply to a vote of thanks for any of the very numerous benefits conferred by him and his wife on the community but he gives all the credit to his beautiful wife. Young Lord Stafford adores his mother, and consults her about everything, while the Duchess is chiefly anxious that he shall be a worthy successor to his father, and keep going all those philanthropic ventures in which the Duke has so nobly backed her up. I remember well the wedding of the Duchess. It took place on her seventeenth birthday in one of the churches of the West End famous for such hymeneal ceremonies. I can see in my mind's eye the girl-bride, not then so lovely as she became later, but most attractive and charming. Her two sisters, the late Countess of Westmorland and Lady Angela Forbes—then quite children—were among her bridesmaids. Her step-sister, the Countess of Warwick, was in the height of her beauty and the zenith of her popularity. Everyone admired the bride, but few guessed what a splendid asset she was to become to the progress and humanity of her time. The Scottish Industries' Association, the Potteries' Cripples Guild, the Sutherland District Nursing Association, the Sutherland Technical School are the most important, but by no means the only, philanthropical schemes which owe almost

everything to her Grace. She has written books and plays, she speaks in public charmingly, and she is a splendid hostess.

Lord Stafford's Courtship.

The courtship here referred to is not that of the bridegroom-elect of next week, but of his father, when he was Marquess of Stafford. A great *parti*, with only one brother, who was heir to his mother's Earldom of Cromartie, it was desirable to find for him suitable girls from whom he could select a wife; time was going on with him, and he showed no desire to choose. At a certain house party given by his mother, a lady was included to whom the Marquess had appeared to be attached, together with two or three other attractive



IN RECOGNITION OF THIRTY-TWO YEARS' WORK FOR THE UNIONIST CAUSE: A DIAMOND BANDEAU AND GOLD WATCH AND CHAIN PRESENTED TO



THE RIGHT HON. C. B. STUART-WORTLEY, M.P., AND MRS. STUART-WORTLEY. THE SIZE IS, OF COURSE, GREATLY REDUCED IN THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Right Hon. C. B. Stuart-Wortley has represented Sheffield, or a division of that borough, of which he was the first Conservative member, since 1880. The presentation was made by his and his wife's numerous friends in that city. The articles presented were manufactured by Messrs. Mappin and Webb (1908), Ltd., of 158 to 162, Oxford Street, W.

and beautiful girls. It so happened that there was a young girl in the schoolroom of the party, and the Countess of Rosslyn was asked to bring Lady Millicent St. Clair Erskine as a companion for her. The two girls, not much over sixteen, appeared after dinner in the drawing-room; the Marquess saw Lady Millicent, talked and walked with her, and decided that he would try to win her for his wife. This was the preliminary to that wedding with its seventeen-year-old bride, who made her first curtsy at Court as a Marchioness, and spent her twenty-first year in a trip round the world with her husband. The Marquess of Stafford has purchased a place called Dorrincourt on Kingston Hill, where he intends to live. The prospective Marchioness cannot look forward ever to being chatelaine of Stafford House, the lease of which falls to the Crown in a few years, nor of Trentham, given up by the present Duke. Her prospects have widened in one respect, for Lord Stafford will in course of time—he and everyone else hope, a long time—probably succeed to his father's estate in Canada, while Lilleshall and Dunrobin are no mean possessions.

Lord Yarmouth, who succeeds to the Marquessate of Hertford, does not necessarily take his playthings with him into the Peerage. For some little time he has devoted himself much less assiduously than was his wont to affairs of the stage. His



SECRETLY MARRIED TO MISS IRIS HOEY: MR. MAX LEEDS, AS BERTIE MONKTON IN "A MEMBER OF TATTERSALL'S."

experiences are various. He once acted as waiter with the Duke of Manchester at a London café chantant; he performed as a skirt-dancer in the United States; he has appeared before the curtain in response to cries of "Author! author!" and acted in his own plays. But the enemies of the Lords who desire to see a Marquess skirt-dancing will, we fear, be disappointed. In 1903, Lord Yarmouth married Miss Alice Thaw. In 1908 the marriage was annulled.



MARRIED IN SECRET: MISS IRIS HOEY (MRS. MAX LEEDS).

Miss Iris Hoey, who is playing Mary Wilmot in "A Member of Tattersall's," at the Whitney Theatre, recently revealed the fact that she was secretly married to Mr. Max Leeds, a member of the same company, last December. Miss Hoey, it will be recalled, was the Zeie of "Baby Mine."

Photographs by C.N.

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS' NEW NOVEL.

"The Forest on the Hill."

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.
(John Murray.)

Often before has Mr. Phillpotts told his tales in the dear dialect of Devon and lent them gracious association with names familiar to Dartmoor, and this last tale of his fulfils the same conditions, but goes deeper, deep as Earth herself. For "the earth's the thing" declared Timothy Snow, as his thought pictured humanity tired out each day by standing on its feet, and every night creeping close, lying prone upon the earth, in order to gather the strength to go on living. And Drusilla fulfilled her lover's saying by her tender vision of the tired man, and the sad man, and the stricken man—all crying to lie on it and hide their faces in it. So, neither Dartmoor nor Devon is the essential here, though Mr. Phillpotts be as faithfully as before their lover and poet. The sweet transience of hamlet and idiom give way to something greater, more elemental and profound, to that symbol of primeval life, the forest, where, beneath gloom of trees, over starlight of anemones, men hunt and kill.

The beauty of the opening chapter rings like an antique chorus leading to the forest's plan. The entrance therein of man, whose will to enjoy is a menace to the will of weaker things to live, leads to the second chapter and the new under-keeper, Timothy Snow. Snow and his predecessor divide the honours of interest and characterisation. Snow, the newcomer, had the intelligence which usually takes men to cities: contemplative, opinionated, scornful of dogma and control. But an anti-social instinct kept him under the sky. A village Hamlet, whose hardness and egotism only emphasised the distinction which his attitude gave him over the rustics of his class, when the supreme moment of love arrived he was able to evoke a beautiful response from a subtle and sensitive woman. John Redstone, whom he followed as under-keeper, was of another pattern and the pattern ran all through. As honest as Snow, though less ruthlessly so, fiery and fierce and generous, impulsively doing while the other would be deliberately thinking, his was no nature to sink under "that by-product of the Christian ethics called remorse." Each made love to the same woman, both passionately loved her, but the attitude of either towards her, when they were in turn repulsed, is wonderfully significant. John's adoring affection suffered no eclipse, but with Timothy love turned to indifference and strengthened to hate under the pain of desertion. Later, when life called aloud for violence the violent deeds were John's; but when justice called for self-abnegation, the deeds of self-sacrifice were John's also.

All this drama of hungry life is fitly displayed in the forest on the hill where Demeter and Dionysus still linger in their seasons.

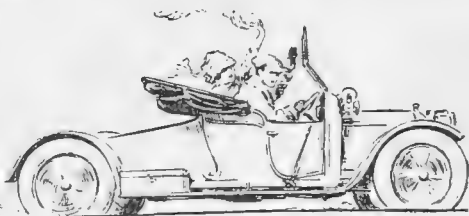
No more impressive accompaniment could be imagined than that subconscious life of the woods flaming from April to autumn, fiercely existing through the winter solstice. And Mr. Phillpotts plays it with the hand of a master. One strange slur occurs, when John reminds Drusilla that the chimney of the old shaft where Lot's body lay was not visible from their house, and then, on the eve of his last day, saw the chimney from his window. But that is a small slip, and only noticeable by reason of the fine finish of the whole.

Those of us who cherish the humour of many of Mr. Phillpotts' Dartmoor stories will find it again in more than one of the folk around the forest. All through this scholarly and absorbing book also the passion of life is in the air, like incense in the deep heart of the woods.

Intending visitors to the Continent should note that the Dieppe Casino will reopen for the Easter Holidays from Thursday, April 4 to Monday, April 8, inclusive.

In spite of the Coal Strike, the Great Eastern Railway Company announce that the full programme of Easter excursions and arrangements will be in operation as usual, but owing to the strike, the issue of excursion and other cheap tickets to stations beyond the G.E.R. system has had to be cancelled. Facilities are offered to holiday-makers for obtaining tickets in advance at City and West End booking offices, and a special booking office for the purpose is open this week at Liverpool Street. Particulars of the various excursions and additional trains are given in the holiday programme. They include bookings to the many attractive resorts on the East Coast and the Norfolk Broads, and the historic towns of East Anglia, such as Cambridge, Ely, Norwich, Colchester and Ipswich, not to speak of holiday haunts nearer town, like Epping Forest and Broxbourne and Southend.

For spending Easter on the Continent the Great Eastern Railway Company's Hook of Holland route offers exceptional facilities. Passengers leaving London in the evening arrive at the chief Dutch cities the following morning. From the Hook of Holland, through carriages and restaurant cars run to Cologne, Bâle and Berlin. Special tickets at reduced fares will be issued for Brussels. For the convenience of passengers tickets dated in advance can be obtained at the Liverpool Street Station Continental Enquiry or Booking Offices. The Danish Royal Mail steamers of the Forenede Line of Copenhagen will leave Harwich for Esbjerg, Denmark, on April 3 and 6, returning on the 9th and 10th. The General Steam Navigation Company's steamers will leave Harwich for Hamburg on April 3 and 6, returning on the 6th and 10th.



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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Mr. George Grossmith and Miss Phyllis Dare; Mrs. Bertram Brooke; Puss as a Deity; Bill-Toppers in Crinkled Paper; the Gallantry of Other Days in the Paris of To-Day; Gold and Black Studies; Miss Olive May; Miss Enid Bell; the Son of Helios and the Sea Nymph Clymene; the Tallien Costume; the Figure Decorative; Or and Sable.

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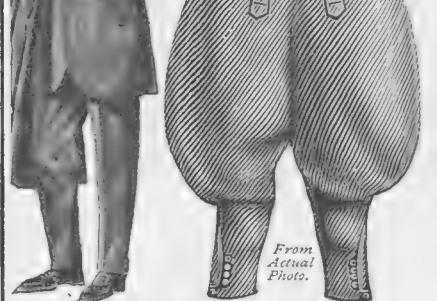
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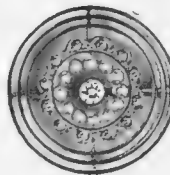
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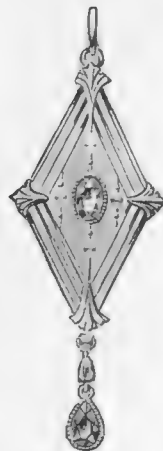
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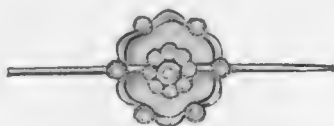
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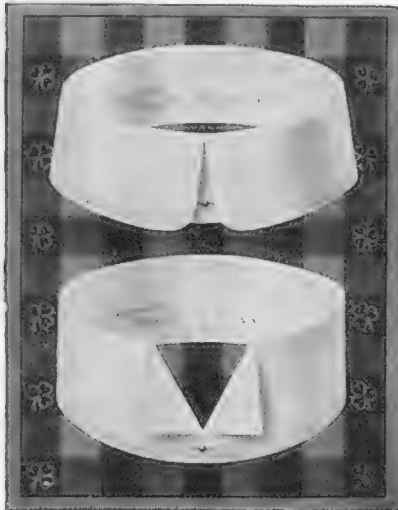
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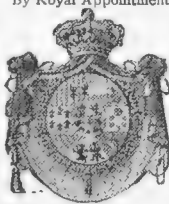
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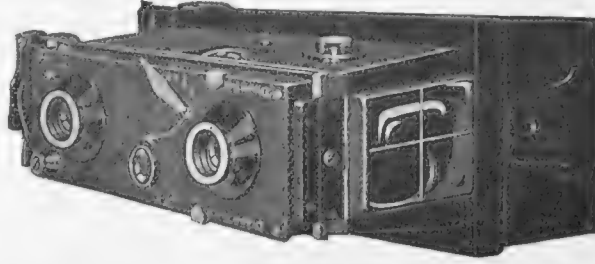
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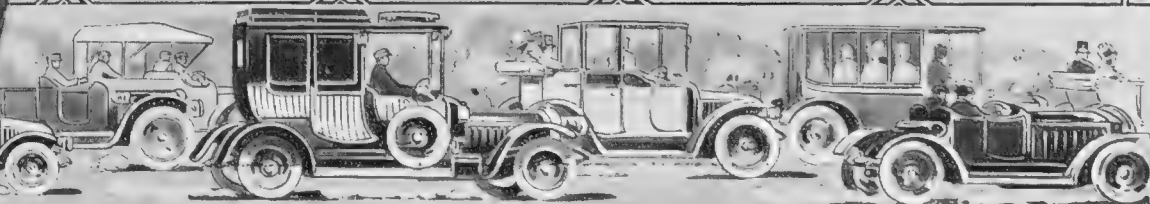
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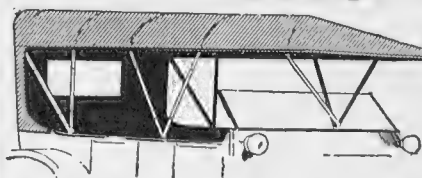


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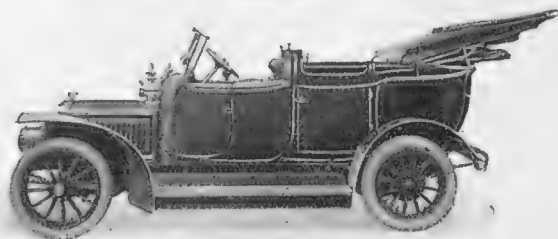
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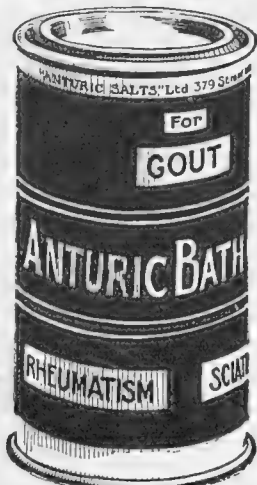
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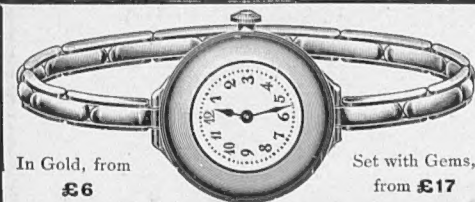
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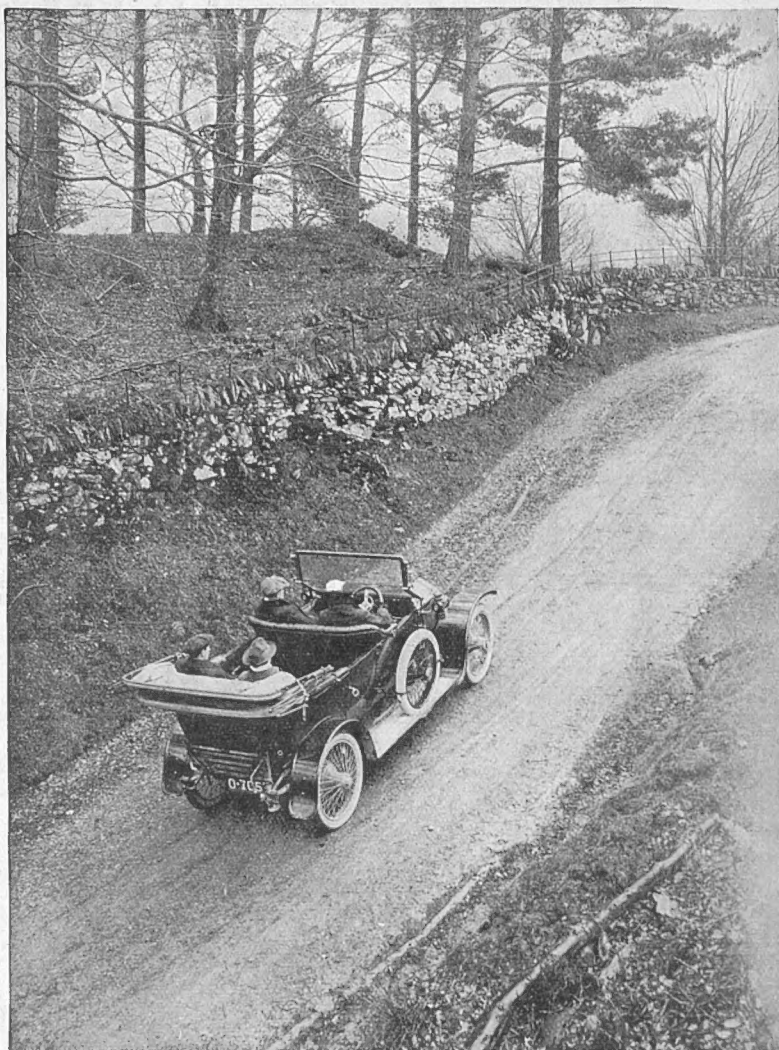
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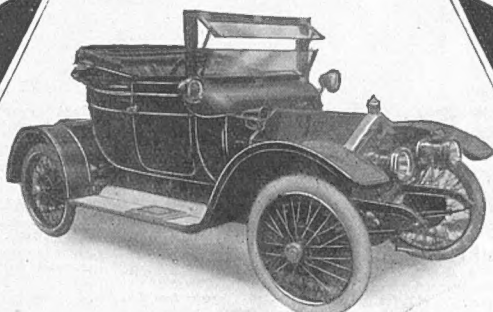
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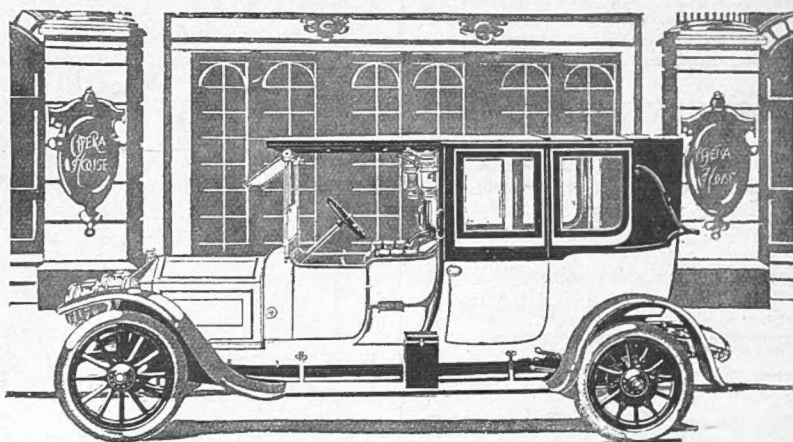
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